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VOLUME 19 NUMBER 2

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STAR **ADRIAN
EDMONDSON**

**7
STUNNING
GIRLS!**

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7 STUNNING GIRLS

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AUSTIN LEGREW

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ISSN 0265-1289

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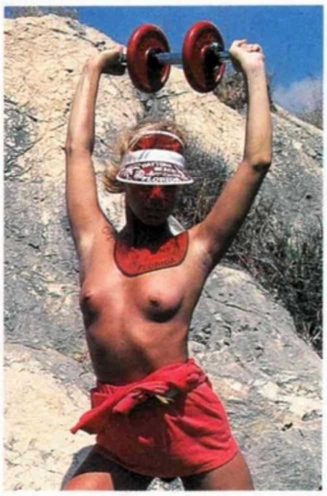

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

VALENTINE VAL

Valerie. . . don't hold your breath. . . Swift is this month's Amateur model. She's also (naturally) an amateur footballer and in the sense of one who does things for love not money is a sexual *amateur* (or rather, I suppose, *amateuse*) to boot. Boot being the operative phrase — she likes to bind her partners with the laces. What you might call 'tied in Notts' as it were.

She has little need to worry about the profound lust for her expressed by El Gutto, the preposterously rotund Editor, as it is well known within Knave circles that the gross one begins to dribble long before he has a clear sight of the goal, shoots early and wide of the target and then can't get up for a pass (however good, even when head's the name of the game) for the rest of the ninety minutes. In short, he hasn't scored for years.

Professionally, Valerie deals in Valentine stationery. "I wonder if she sent me all those rude cards on the fourteenth?" muses the dozy Assistant Editor. If he means the ones saying, "If you bastards try writing all six blurbs on the same subject again, I'll come round and kick your fucking bollocks off," then I think he ought to essay another guess. . .

NEW BALLS

When I say that Gail is a net-minder, you should understand that this does not mean that she takes particularly good care of her fancy stockings. Gail is what the old soccer correspondents used to call a 'guardian of the citadel', which is to say that she keeps goal.

Keeping, of all sorts, is a speciality with Gail. When she finds a referee she fancies she knows very well how to keep time, keep it up and keep mum if he happens to be married. When on her own she likes nothing better than to thumb through her collection of nude photographs of England international goalies 1966-87 and simultaneously keep her hand in, and she is also adept at keeping nasty little oiks from Knave at arm's length by means of a most impressive drop-kick in the goolies. So if the Deputy Chief Blurb Writer doesn't desist from his intentions of "a bout of physiotherapy on the sofa", he may well find himself in the worst kind of dead-ball situation. . .

AMAZING COMPETITION!

I must confess that I have long had my doubts about our video correspondent, El Barfo, generally suspecting his knowledge of the visual media to be restricted to the funny patterns one sees through the bottom of a composite pint of scrumpy and tonic. But I am surprised to discover that the industry takes this hack relatively seriously, even to the point of offering prizes for video competitions.

Here then is your chance to win one of five copies of Avatar's 'melt movie' "Street Trash", available from all good video libraries. Watching this gruesomely giggle-inducing video should help you to answer the following questions:

(1) What is the name of the evil brew which causes people to melt?

(2) Name the crazed leader of the junk yard clan.

(3) How does the above character meet his end?

(4) Complete in no more than fifteen words: I would like to watch . . . . (name your least favourite person) melt because . . . .

Closing date is Friday March 13th 1987. Answers to: "Street Trash" Video Competition, Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

CAUGHT SHORT

HEAD CASE

I think readers deserve to know the truth about this footballing drivel. It is what we amateur psychiatrists call the 'displaced or surrogate ambitions (failed athlete) syndrome' and it takes the form of attributing to people you fancy those talents which you do not personally possess in abundance.

I happen to know, you see, that between them the Editor, Assistant Editor, Chief Blurb Writer, Deputy Chief Blurb Writer, Cub Blurb Writer and Spotty Young Man on Youth Training Scheme Who Makes the Blurb Writers' Tea and Keeps Sloping off for a Quick Wank (quite a job title, that) have all taken part in trials for obscure football teams and have all had their hopes cruelly dashed by managers who know a wally when they see one. Among the teams to be congratulated for their perspicacity in this matter are Witham Town Pseudo-under-16s, Corinthian Paraplegics, West Bromwich Sewage Inspectorate XI, Westminster School Transvestite Old Boys, Lepers Disunited (Lesotho) and I Zingari. The Cub Blurb Writer is also a total cretin!

In case you were wondering quite what Lynn is doing in this photograph, I

am able to inform non-cognoscenti that this is what women's football team walls do when facing free kicks since they do not (naturally) have to cup hands over goolies. There, so now you know.

FOUL PLAY

You wouldn't believe how dirty women's football games can get. Chauvinist readers may well have imagined that the worst damage inflicted during a Miss-match was the odd laddered tights or sly smudge to the mascara — don't underestimate these thugs. They've got enough tricks up their sleeves (or should I say camisoles?) to have prompted a linesman of my acquaintance to sescribe them as "the unfair sex".

According to this official, favourite ploys are the nipple-tug (best deftly executed off the ball and on the ref's blind side), the clit poke and a highly unseemly variant of

DEEP THROAT

Sometimes it seems to me that Knave readers are expected to swallow even more than was demanded of Linda Lovelace. I mean, look at this month's girl blurbs for example. Every one of these young starlets is reckoned to share the same middle and surnames (Wanetta Swift!) and all are said to be ace footballers.

Now, a more paranoid columnist would immediately leap to the conclusion that this is the work of a jealous cabal of caption writers involved in an insane conspiracy to make it as difficult as possible for yours truly to dream up enough material on precisely the same subject to cover six photographs. I do not, may I say, suffer from this complex.

Yvonne here is said to be an inside right who the blurbist would not mind sloping off for an early bath with. Ha! This is arrant nonsense. For one thing, anyone whose word-processor terminal lies within fifteen feet of this reprobate's 1962 Petite typewriter (only five keys missing) knows only too well that baths (early, late or punctual)

are seen in his house about as frequently as Father Christmas. Furthermore, even if he did manage to make a play for Yvonne it is no secret in the office that his tackle is far too limp to bring down a woman as fast as this one.

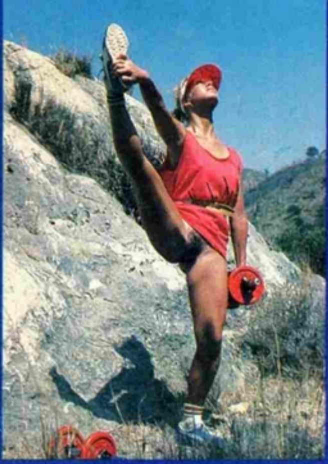
GOD PRESERVE US

The claim went in last October to the discovery of the oldest known specimens of human brains, found preserved in a Florida peat marsh. This ancient grey matter is said to demonstrate a recognizable cell structure, and is reckoned to be at least 8,000 years old.

This is all very interesting, but I must insist here and now that before the Guinness Book of Records, Roy Castle, The Lancet, Peat Diggers' Monthly, or whoever, decides to definitively certify this extravagant claim to fame, there should be an official tour of inspection of the Knave offices, where the immediate past Editor, El Pisso, can be made available for all forms of medical examination.

Those who recall the retired supremo (who is nowadays kept in the stationery cupboard and wheeled out for office parties), will be less than surprised to discover that he has always regarded peat as an entirely second-rate method of brain preservation, holding a brief instead for the wonderfully antiseptic qualities of alcohol. His capacity for ingesting ethanol-based medication is quite phenomenal, ensuring that each time he is trundled to the forefront he is inevitably still pissed from the last party, and is usually still telling the same shaggy dog story about the spider and the matchbox. Bets fly around the office as to whether the joke really can run for months on end without reaching a punchline, or whether he loops back to an earlier part of the story when his audience has dozed off. But all attempts to sneak round behind the cupboard at dead of night with a stethoscope unfailingly meet with the sound, "so this spider crawls out of the matchbox . . ."

Eyewitness accounts that 'the daredevil dipso' has been carrying his brain around for more than 8,000 years are, naturally, difficult to come by, but investigations into the contents of the strong-box of The Grevious Bodily Arms show that signed records of his 'medicinal' input exist from way back, through the many names under which a hostelry has operated on the site including The Tipsy Zeppelin, The Rat and Doublet, The Beowulf Arms,



standing on your opponent's bootlaces called the tampon trap, which either brings the opposing forward to a dead stop or else holds up the game while the players feign hysteria and get the linesman to remove "that poor mouse someone's squashed to death."

Germaine is seen here practising an extremely complicated manoeuvre (degree of difficulty 9.7) combining the Horswill hack and the Lepetomane with half twist. The dual infringement is designed to simultaneously chop one upright player in the larynx and foul the air of someone coming in for a slide-tackle with essence of last night's lentil bake. Invented by our goalkeeper (q.v.) it is popularly known as Blowing a Gail.

WILD AND WINDY

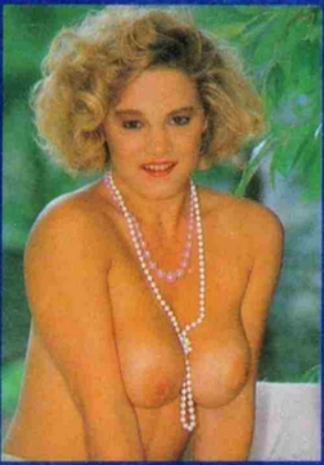
Dawn, who looks far too good to have ever appeared in Fiesta, obviously had her work cut out when she was conned into doing a Knave centre set. Seen here with her head in a cloud (not giving head in a cloud as the Chief Blurb Writer ludicrously boasted about in the public bar at Heathrow, shortly before his deportation flight was due to be hi-jacked en route to Tasmania), you'd think that she'd be wise to El Gutto's filthy little ploys. Who else would take to biting holes in a perfectly good pair of leopard skin stockings and sliding around a silage heap of a lunch-time?

I only hope to God that this photo was taken before El Gutto had scraped up the remains of the studio lunch, microwaved it with a tin of Vinderbrew curry sauce and consumed it with his customary five quarts of Flatulence Gutbubble Special. If he'd got through that lot and then started getting fresh with Dawn, the poor girl would probably not be long for this world. Precious few have managed to survive a lungful of El Gutto's caustic, skin-melting, nerve-busting, pore-blocking after lunch fart . . .

HALF-BAKED

Terri, it says here, is a half back. This is surely stupendously obvious. She is also a half front (which is the side you can see here), and at half-time she likes to practise sucking lemons and playing blow-football so that when she gets the ball boy (actually, he's 28, but he wears a school uniform to show willing) alone in the scout hut after full time she can make it a game of two halves.

The dolt of an Assistant Editor, who doubtless wrote the blurb for Terri ("Wouldn't mind getting caught in an offside trap with that"), is also what one might term a man of halves. Semi-literate is one phrase which springs to mind. Half-wit is another.



The Black Mammoth and The Druid and Sheep.

The only problem, I suppose, would be to establish that there was enough brain to certify.

BRAZILIAN TRIANGLE

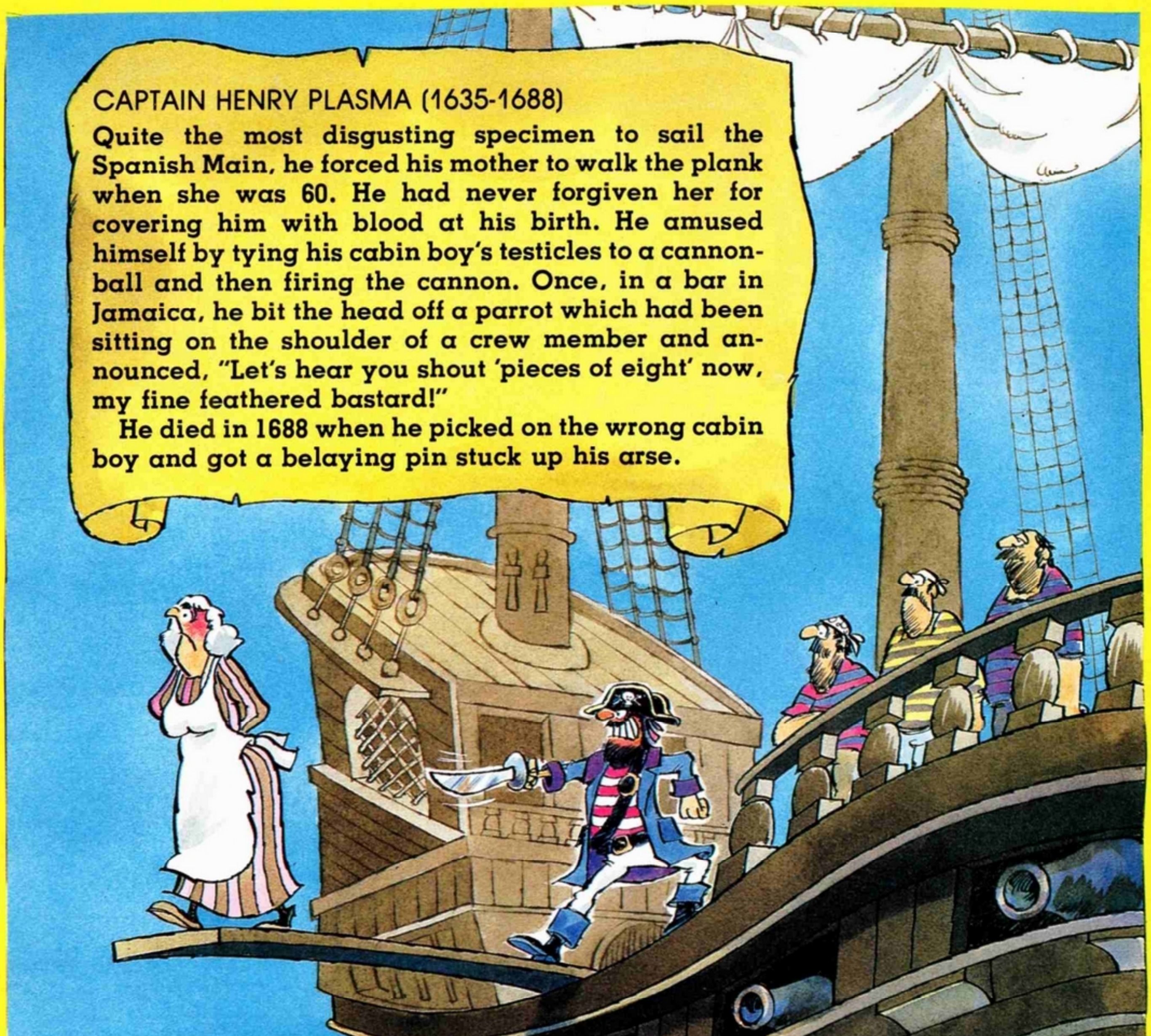
Now I'm sure lots of you have read Erik von Heineken's masterly works: *Chariots of the Funny Little Green Chaps With Three Heads*, *Was God A BMX Bandit from Jupiter?*, and *Can Somebody Tell Me Why this Jacket Has Sleeves Which Tie Together Round the Back?*; and far be it from me to deride your beliefs about flying saucers. I remain convinced, let me tell you, that the fact that they only ever seem to reveal themselves to paralytic drunks, and people who would only need a 'Mr Kipling' sticker to be able to market themselves as an almond and raisin slice, is something which only more advanced future scientists will be able to find a logical explanation for.

So it comes as no great shock to me to discover that the Brazilian Air force is still baffled by the fleet of unidentified flying objects which is reckoned to have cluttered up its radar screens last May. BAF officials claim that when they scrambled their jets (at least I presume they have jets — might be Bleriot monoplanes for all I know) the blips on their screens played some ariel form of blind man's buff with the interceptors.

"We are looking for a technical explanation for these phenomena," said a Ministry spokesman, adding, "So far we don't have any." I think they are quite right to keep an open mind on this matter. I have no technical explanation for why my television always goes on the blink during *Coronation Street* or why my laundry never sends back as many clothes as are dispatched to them or why pubs put handpumps on their counters but only serve lager. Aliens! Should have thought of it before. Or perhaps there are just an awful lot of nuts in Brazil . . .

Meanwhile, don't forget that you can win yourself £20 by sending your zany, crazy and silly cuttings from your local papers to: Caught In The Act, Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

By W.F. GUTTERSNIPE



CAPTAIN HENRY PLASMA (1635-1688)

Quite the most disgusting specimen to sail the Spanish Main, he forced his mother to walk the plank when she was 60. He had never forgiven her for covering him with blood at his birth. He amused himself by tying his cabin boy's testicles to a cannonball and then firing the cannon. Once, in a bar in Jamaica, he bit the head off a parrot which had been sitting on the shoulder of a crew member and announced, "Let's hear you shout 'pieces of eight' now, my fine feathered bastard!"

He died in 1688 when he picked on the wrong cabin boy and got a belaying pin stuck up his arse.

KNAVEL HISTORY

(A SERIES OF KNAVES AND BOUNDERS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAYROL STEVENS

Yvo

By a string of weird, fortuitous coincidences all this months models, whilst not being directly related, have the same surname (Swift) and the same middlename (Wanetta). This is partly explained by the fact that all can trace their ancestry back to an influx of crypto-Huguenot refugees in the eighteenth century.

Curiously, two hundred years later, they all find themselves playing in womens football teams scattered throughout the British Isles. This, for instance, is Yvonne. A stunning little inside right if ever there was one. The sort of girl you wouldn't mind getting sent off to have an early bath with – know what I mean?

ONNE

TEST DRIVE

It had to happen sooner or later. Give a motoring writer an inch and he'll take a mile. Give him a free lunch, an eyeful of naked ladies and the go ahead for a test drive in the Mitsubishi Starion Turbo and there's no holding him. ROBERT DUDLEY is in decidedly exuberant form – the bastard.

Having reversed the charges, it didn't take long to persuade El Gutto, the Editor, that the Starion would make an ideal candidate for test driving, Knave-style. "Big and red — now you're talking. 143 m.p.h? Sounds like the business." The enthusiasm was getting a bit out of hand, so we thought it best not to mention the patented counterbalancing properties of the company's 'Silent Shafts' principle. Why let mere technicalities stand in the way of blind drunk affection? Who needs a silent shaft, anyway?

Of course, the big stumbling block was the car's name. Mitsubishi themselves pronounce it 'Sta-rye-on', and you don't need the vision of a Nostradamus to predict the problems this caused our bulky chief and his rightly defamed assistant. It's an obvious point and one we'll try not to dwell upon, but to most punters the word 'Starion' is pronounced so as to rhyme with 'Stallion' as in horses. Seems to make sense, doesn't it? After all, it's the closest we have to what might be termed 'a companionable form'. Wrong, say Mitsubishi. The word rhymes with 'iron' and there can be no two ways about it. Ignore the wags or those who subscribe to the teachings of Xenophobic Phil and his 'Call 'em Slitty' side-kicks and maintain that the name 'Starion' is merely an unfortunate Japanese mispronunciation of the English word for the male horse. Theirs is simply an extension of the school of thought that would have 'our yellow friends' in the catering business accept the judgement 'this chicken is rubbery' as a compliment.

Our Editor and his ineffectual compatriot rose to the bait. "Who or what is a Sta-rye-on?" "Does it eat, drink and be merry?" "Where does it live?" "Is it catching?" Damn me if there was no logical explanation. Unconvinced by the suggestion that the term 'Sta-rye-on' was simply being used to convey a concept and was thus, to all intents and purposes, a nonce word, Big Editorial Person and his diminutive cohort were left to ponder the seemingly obscure derivation of this unfamiliar nomenclature, before being forced ultimately to concur with the verdict of the car's importers, viz: "Who gives a toss? It sounds good so let's use it."

Against this background of, ahem, intellectual controversy we have the car itself. Big, brash and uncompromising, it has the reputation for being the best effort the company has produced to date in the pre-junior super-coupé class. Yes, we're in that famil-

STARION
77 MM
Colt Cars Mid-West Ltd

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE HACKER

INTERCOOLER TURBO
C
MITSUBISHI MOTORS

TEST DRIVE

continued from previous page

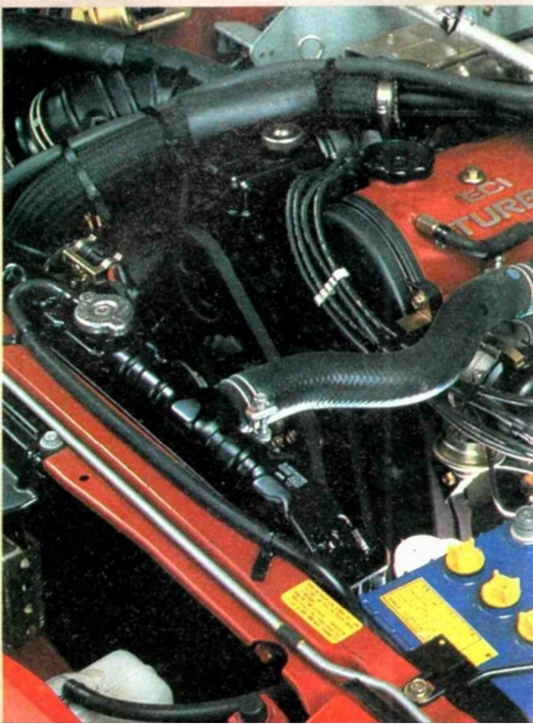
iar stamping-ground of graduates from the Hot Hatchback school of motoring, a land lorded over by high-powered Japanese liftbacks like Toyota's Celica and the mouthwatering Nissan Saliva. (*Shome mistake? — Gutto*).

A new market for Mitsubishi? Perhaps. The company has certainly come a long way since its beginnings as a ripper offer of Fiat designs back in 1917. Less than seventy years separate the notably underproduced Model A and the new turbo-charged flagship, but in the interim — and particularly since the company's reformation in 1959 — the Tokyo-based engineering giant has consistently sought a wider range, toning down the quirks demanded by its home audience in order to appeal to the broader market in Europe.

Starion is a logical culmination of this evolutionary process. Visually, the car takes no prisoners. In its latest, stylish guise, complete with revised rear pillar trim but shorn of the dummy air scoop on the bonnet which only really served to undermine its true sporting potential, the fierce and slippery 2 + 2 with its drag co-efficient of 0.35 comes on as cosy as a welly in the windpipe. In short, a worthy competitor to such home-grown EEC eye-bulgers as the Audi Coupé GT and Porsche 924.

Cosmetic modifications aside, the 1987 Starion isn't really that much different from the 1986 vintage. Or even the 1985 variety. All exhibit the same sleek and thrusting profile, styled so as to emphasize the complex and unashamedly extrovert detail of the nose section. Indeed the biggest pointer to the beast's beat-'em-up-and-run character is provided by the siting of the front number plate; how many cars do you know which mount their registration details on a platform set up so as to protrude a good four inches in front of t'other metal and plastic? Personally, we feel this makes things a little too easy for PC Pecker and his on-the-spot-fining fraternity, but the protruberant plate certainly ensures that the car stands out in a crowd. It's also a great coup if, like our car, your machine sports a personalized number job. On a practical level it does have the advantage of keeping the dirt off your digits . . . as if you care about such things.

Of course big changes have occured to the frontline Japanese sportster since its 1982 inception, but they can only be discovered by having a quick poke in the engine bay *(I've always said that there's something fundamentally perverse about motoring writers. — Ed.)*. Here, those with eagle eyes and a beagle's nose will note the maiden fitment of an intercooler or 'turbo radiator'. A seemingly logical inclusion this, but it has the effect of boosting power by some 5.3 per cent over the 'old' version, whilst greatly enhancing the creature's pulling urge. Such a performance hike has brought no uncertain benefit on the race track where Starions have long since walked all over the oppposition in the British Saloon Car Championship. Ironic perhaps, then to recall the dim and distant technicalities of 1985 when David Brodie's barnstorming Group A version was booted out for sporting said intercooler — an item which at the time was not



a standard fitting on the production car.

The additional chill factor provided by the new intercooler shares star billing with the company's second generation water-cooled turbo-charger. This is supported by a larger oil cooler designed to dissipate some of the heat generated by the machine's fire-breathing loins. Otherwise it's the Mitsu mixture as always. This is one machine which squirts raw aggression out of its tailpipe.

Helping to prevent the car effecting a subtle reorganization of its pilot's internal organs, Starion comes suspended independently all round, albeit with the emphasis on handling rather than out-and-out comfort. The Tokyo Turbocar struts its stuff MacPherson-style, aided and abetted by coil springs/telescopic dampers (fore) and springs 'n' dampers (aft). Extra stiffness comes courtesy of anti-roll bars at both ends. Steering, although powered, makes do with the rather old-fashioned recirculating ball arrangement, but technologists may be consoled by the advanced state of Mitsubishi anchor power: all-round ventilated discs join forces with the increasingly common anti-lock arrangement for better gripping and less slipping. Tyres enhance this sporting image, being 215/60 VR-rated on 15in. alloy wheels, steel belted in the modern idiom and stamped 'Pirelli P6' to appeal to connoisseurs of 1980s automotive rubberware.

Great menu, undoubtedly, but can Mitsubishi's avowedly horseless (burp) *(What? — Ed.)* carriage really fend off the ever-present threat of indigestion (belch) *(Ah, I see. — Ed.)*. Well . . . Yes and no. OK, so it may smack of bet-hedging, but there is really no other way of summing up how the car acquits itself in practice. To be fair, it's no secret that one of the typical weaknesses of turbocharged machinery is its poor response at low engine speeds, before the turbo boost builds up. The Starion is no exception. Such lack of flexibility is most obvious when trying to coax the brute to haul its rump off the line, but there is also more than a hint of lethargy when the thing goes off-boost. Here, the only solution is to row like a crazy oarsman and make frequent changes to keep the machine on song. Hard graft, perhaps, but it can be worth it. Conducted in such a manner the Bushido Blowcar can be worked through the tortuous tracks of Backroads County at the most exhilarating velocities, whilst maintaining enough vigour in reserve to lash out at the nearest hotchpotch botchbox once the windy stuff opens out into die-straight dual carriageway, and the racer boys get the bit between their teeth and try to impress their tarts-in-tow.

It's then that our mount really comes into its own. If you are searching for a sub-£15K tarmac burner which will make other people's sporting sub-compacts look like Sir Clive's C5s, look no further than the flyin' Starion. It's that hot. The target 60 m.p.h. flashes up in a howling seven-and-a-bit seconds; just 12 seconds later you're doing a ton. Keep the power on and the catapulting coupé winds on to a percussive high of 135 + m.p.h., just a little adrift of its accredited 143 m.p.h. Who's complaining? That kind of straight line spurt makes the Starion quicker than just about any sub-2.0 litre we can think of, save perhaps for the Saab 9000 which is just as unwieldy in terms of lag, but lacks the Japanese car's upper-limit stamina, at least on paper.

Of course, there's more to it than this cold list of facts and figures. Forget them. You'd be hard pressed to appreciate the Attila-like aggression of Mitsubishi's masterblaster by simply reading the sales blurb. Be warned: Starion is one machine that bites. This is an all-or-nothing turbo of the old school, mind-blowing in the upper rev. range but rather unsettling if you're not prepared for ultimate tail-out when that power is abused. Treated with respect, such press-on vitality cannot fail to excite, despite a slow gearchange and a large dose of engine noise at the red line.

The procedure for extracting such brain-searing bravado is simple. Just load up the loud pedal for a fiery response. 60 m.p.h. in one gearchange and the stragglers are left behind. Into third the turbo whistles on cue and you feel the blood rush to the back of your skull, resting in a large calcified reservoir of purple which threatens to push back into the inner recesses of the multi-adjustable head restraint. Power on to greater heights. The change to fourth comes at 90 m.p.h., a cool 6,000 on the rev. counter, skin taut and your nostrils beginning to flare in the time-honoured tradition of the bugs-between-the-teeth lycanthrope sportster. Can there be more? Soon you'll find out. Pushing on to the benchmark 120 m.p.h. you feel your small intestine burrowing into the base of your spine, a writhing curling mass which serpentines in your carcass as if linked inexorably to the throttle pedal. One more change and the terminal surge to top comes almost as a relief: there is no further to go, no alternative but to ease down, leave the safe confines of the test track and make for the local supermarket to do the week's shopping.

So it goes. And throughout this ordeal by firepower the Mitsubishi sports an attractive gait. Predictable in the manner of a sporting hatchback, it displays a mild tendency to understeer — cutting the power in an abrupt fashion simply straightens the cornering line. Ultimate foolhardiness does cause the car to lose its rear, but such tail-happy hi-jinks should prove beyond the ken of Joseph Q Public.

Ride can be fidgety. Enthusiasts will carp on about the desirability of firm springing for a sporty machine, but to be honest this degree of low-speed ridge picking and high speed bounce simply isn't so much a feature of rivals like the Audi. "Blimey, that's hard," remarked one particularly articulate passenger, whilst another picked his teeth out of the glovebox to suggest that the car's passage, though never harsh, did exhibit the kind of choppiness one would expect from a machine of such light weight and short wheelbase. It's similar to the hot-hatch syndrome, *vis-à-vis* the inherent jitteryness of XR2, XR3 *et al*. Let's not be too pedantic. For most people the hustle with bustle handling/ride compromise will be exactly what they would expect from a high-powered sporting coupé and any good hum-

TEST DRIVE

continued from previous page

oured references to high-speed dental rearrangement will go by the board. Mitsubishi have their audience and the audience loves it.

Epicureans will love it, too. Starion gratifies the senses with a fine, sporting exhaust note, restrained wind noise (at least when the ventilation system is closed down . . .) and a well-tailored driving position. All controls fall readily to hand. With twin stalks for windscreen wash 'n' wipe + indicators + headlamp beam/dip + cruise control and no less than three switches to control the lights there are plenty of gadgets to play with, perhaps too many if you're not used to the Japanese preoccupation with fiddly things. That said, everything is smart and logical. Instrumentation is clear and rounded in the sporting tradition, with a left-of-centre speedo plus rev. counter and a boost gauge to confirm what you already suspected when accelerating at high revs. There's also a bank of roof console lights which comes on like something out of Close Encounters, prompting one looker to remark that by comparison, the Blackpool Illuminations looked like the glow numerals on a cheap watch. It's like having an ongoing Chernobyl situation one inch above your left eyebrow. Rather OTT, we thought, particularly the profusion of switches: there are even switches to turn off the switches! They give 'switchback driving' a whole new meaning.

Minor criticisms, no doubt. In any case such detail failings are more than compensated for by the general design of the cabin. Up front,there is plenty of room for Captain Hardcharge and his number two, an impression no doubt enhanced by the sensibly-sized sports steering wheel and slim-line dash. As with most Eastern cars, headroom is fairly tight, but by the same token there should be more than enough longitudinal clearance if you're taken to flapping your legs about in the cockpit.

In the back, it's a different matter. Appealing most to rear seat passengers whose nicknames are 'squatlegs' or 'stumpy', the seating arrangement helps confirm the Starion's listing as a 2 + 2 and really only makes sense as an occasional conveyance for the sprogs or for anyone for whom one bears a grievance. Luggage space is likewise restricted, despite the folding seat back. The rear hatch opens to reveal a derisory, miserly luggage area, shallow in the extreme and suitable for squashy bags, squashy suitcases or squashy shopping.

Presumably such failings are part and squashy parcel of the sportster heritage. Fortunately, similarity with the boneshakers of yore ends here. The mega-adjustable seats may prove a bit less supportive than they look, but they nonetheless contrive to keep the pilot in position, and are comfortably trimmed in an outwardly hardwearing fabric. Full marks to the hand-stitched leather wheel which both looks and feels the part. Rather less plaudits for the plastic fascia. OK, so it isn't quite as disgusting as that ghastly crimson thing in the Mazda RX7, but it still reeks heavily of Japo-plasticitis and the phoney stitching is just plain naff.

Of course, the big pointer to the Starion's power pumping pretentions is provided not by the design of its dashboard but by its frequent visits to the petrol pump; put simply, this is one machine which likes its 4-star. Driven with a vengeance — the only way — you'd be doing well to better 20 m.p.g. Knowing this in advance may prevent you giving a kicking to the chap next door for syphoning your gas. Economy, to Starion owners, is a small town in Ireland.

If low, but by no means untypical fuel returns are a serious deterrent, you'd better, as they say, buy an Audi 100. Or a Maestro Diesel Van. Nobody buys a grunt and run performer like our Mitsubishi on a fuel efficiency ticket and quite honestly very few of the Starion's hard-driving rivals — save, perhaps, the German ones — can better 25 m.p.g. That said, fewer come more erratically equipped. Cruise control, electric windows and a high powered stereo combo are just part of a generally comprehensive package. But where's the sunroof? And the central locking? Perhaps the car's owners are too busy thrashing around the countryside to notice such omissions. We weren't.

So what, ultimately, do you get for your money — as the politician said to the callgirl. The answer, in one word, is 135 m.p.h. So the car is a bit rough round the edges, drinks like a fish and is cramped in the back. It is also grippy, goes like a leopard on benzedrine and, above all, looks the way it should. In an age dominated by lookalike sporting hatchbacks, that, more than any thing, helps justify the apparently hefty £14,599 price tag.

PENPOWER

Hands Down Win

On a recent business trip to Holland I witnessed the ultimate in the world of erotic entertainment. As I was early for my return ferry I called in to see a friend who owns a bar in Amsterdam. When I arrived his main bar was packed solid, an odd thing at just turned lunchtime even in Amsterdam.

Upon locating my friend in the seething masses I learned that I had arrived just in time to witness a female masturbation contest. The object of this was for a panel of judges selected from the assembled audience to pick out a winner from three competing girls who, with only a vibrator for assistance, had to attempt to bring about a self-inflicted orgasm. There was a strict time limit of fifteen minutes.

Within a short space of time, all three contestants took to the stage offering their bodies to the eager crowd who clamoured for the privilege of massaging them with oil. This is a well-known ploy in Amsterdam club-land where the girl collects money from the punters who, try as they might, always fail to get more than a fleeting hand on the girl's fanny.

The preliminaries over, the time was started and each girl began to arouse herself. My own favourite was a small blonde girl who began by massaging her breasts, using the thumb and forefinger to tweak her pert, erect nipples. By contrast, all the attention of the people on my right was on a huge-breasted black girl who already had sunk to her knees, a small vibrator probing deep into her shaven cunt. I looked to my left and a small dark-haired girl was being encouraged to probe herself a little more deeply as she slowly inserted a long thin middle finger into her pubic mound.

By the half-way stage all three girls were oblivious of the assembled crowd and could be clearly heard breathing in short gasps. The black girl was going at it with tremendous effort, the vibrator flicking in and out at great speed while her free hand gripped her huge right breast. Her face was contorted with pleasure as purple varnished nails dug into the black flesh, forcing upward nipples that must have stood erect by a good inch.

My attention was diverted to the small blonde who was now using both hands on the pink lips of her fanny suddenly exposing a well-swollen clitoris to anyone who cared to look. This action appeared to really excite her as she made a grab for her vibrator. Slowly, she inserted it between those swollen pink lips, increasing the speed of her thrusts. I watched as the muscles on her flat belly began to tighten.

With a frantic movement her whole body began to shake as she went into an earth-shattering orgasm. With only a short amount of time left the dark-haired girl had dispensed with her vibrator and was rubbing frantically at her exposed clitty with her right hand. Just as time was called an ecstatic smile came to her face as her sopping cunt began to flood. Arching her back she went into the final throes of orgasm.

Unfortunately the presentation was in progress by the time the black girl was able to get it together and then only with aid of a lusty gent who obliged by inserting his throbbing prick where the plastic imitator had been unable to produce the desired effect.

Needless to say my favourite little wanker, the blonde, was judged the winner and took away a large cash prize. All in all, an event that should not be missed by any of your readers who might be visiting Amsterdam. — *G.T., West Yorks.*

Randy Rachel

Rachel, the girl in the swimming pool in Knave Vol. 18 No. 11, is really sexy. She thoroughly deserved to win the Amateur Model competition back in 1985. I missed her appearance as a 'Starbird' and hope she makes up for it by posing for Knave some more. Failing that, she can always come round to my place and let me show her some real appreciation. — *B.H., Colchester.*

Catering Cor!

My wife Susan works part-time as a catering assistant in an office complex where she is in charge of a small staff-dining room used by office managers and secretaries. Occasionally, she is required to work late into the evening when parties or functions are organized.

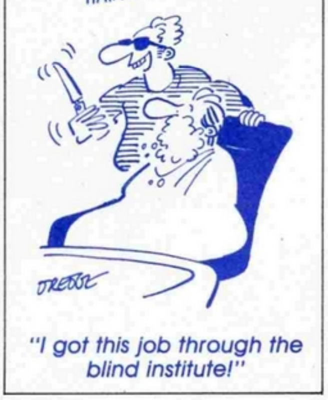
At one such party last year the inevitable happened — one of the men made a pass at her. She told me of this when I collected her from work. It seems that he crept up behind her whilst she was doing the washing up and quickly slid his hands up her jumper to be greeted with two plump firm tits. After a brief struggle she was able to elude her amorous admirer who later apologized and tried to make amends for his behaviour.

She assured me that it was just 'one of those things', that she was able to look after herself and that I shouldn't worry about it happening again. But funnily enough it was Sue who kept bringing up the subject herself, usually just before our screwing sessions. It seemed that the more she thought about what happened, the more she got turned on.

Last week, Sue had to work late again and was to ring me when she was ready to be collected. I waited and waited but the call never came. So I went along to find out what was causing the delay.

I arrived to find the building in darkness and all doors locked. As I was about to drive away I saw a light go on and off in one of the back offices so I went to investigate. After some difficulty I managed to scale a high wall and gained access to a fire escape which led to the offices, and boy, was I surprised with what I saw.

There laying on a desk, stark naked, was Sue and giving her the fucking of her life were three



"I got this job through the blind institute!"

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continued from the previous page

men. She had cock in her mouth and cock up her minge and was being devoured from every possible angle. My first thought was rape, but I could see that there was no unwillingness on Sue's part — she was ecstatic with pleasure. This session went on for nearly an hour and only came to an abrupt halt when Sue had one of her mighty orgasms and passed out.

"It was quite difficult to undress before three rampant men."

This threw two of the men into a wild panic, they quickly dressed and left the office. The third remained and coaxed Sue back into consciousness. For a while they sat drinking and talking. Then Sue started to play with one of the biggest pricks that I have ever seen. Hanging limp it must have been over a foot long and as thick as a cucumber. Sue's nimble hands had soon made the monster erect and her tongue took over stimulation of the giant.

When Sue's given me a gobble she's often found difficulty swallowing my modest 8 inches and here she was with her lips stretched and a good 6 inches still fighting to get down her throat. Eventually she relinquished the mighty knob and lay back on the table with legs spread wide apart, awaiting its insertion.

Inch by inch it penetrated my Sue's hole, her tits bouncing to and fro with every stroke. They fucked for over twenty minutes ending when his withdrawal sent a stream of spunk from Sue's tits to her pubes. A second shot seemed to flood her belly, the third, much thicker, trickled from his knob and had to be shaken off.

Slowly, the monster-knob declined to a soft red glowing lump of flesh. Sue gave it one or two rubs but seemed to agree that it could not be resurrected. The pair of them finished their drinks and, collecting their clothes, they left the office.

I don't know how Sue felt but I was exhausted just watching them. I scuttled back to the car and to be truthful had trouble opening the door — my hands were shaking so much. But I got in and lit a cigarette. Some twenty minutes later an apologetic Sue came to the car explaining her lateness to being unavoidably detained. She later confessed all when it was found that she needed some minor medical treatment for an extremely swollen and sore minge.

It would appear that the whole session started in a dare when the three men waited until everybody had left and returned their glasses to Sue wearing nothing but a smile. She declined their initial advances but decided to throw the towel in when she realized how wet she was between her legs and in her own word 'just needed to be fucked'. She has recalled that it was quite difficult to undress before three rampant men, but had only removed her blouse when hands were everywhere and the rest of her attire just disappeared. All in all, a night that neither of us will forget in a hurry. — *Chris, London.*

ACME TOYS LTD

Jumping Jumpers

It had to happen. A Knave feature on sweaters — and not an ironic piece either. I guess you know what you're doing. Strangely enough, it was okay. The girl in the pictures was a real turn-on, much better than most of the models who were flaunting their innards elsewhere in the issue. I await your next adventure into the world of fashion with considerable interest. — *S.F., Armagh.*

First Aid

First of all many thanks for a super mag. It is partly due to it that I have such a lovely relationship.

To begin; I work in a large factory where there are quite a lot of women. One of them, Anne, really stands out though. She is a gorgeous petite blonde put together just perfectly. I, amongst others, thought that she was unapproachable in a sexual way as most of the blokes at the factory had tried it on at one time or another and failed. Anyway, one lunch break, instead of going to the pub, I sat in my car reading Knave. I was feeling pretty horny, looking at the pictures of your lovely models when Anne tapped on the window and asked if she could come in and sit with me. Praying she wouldn't notice the bulge in my jeans, I said yes.

Anne got in the car and asked me if it made me feel randy reading 'that type of book' as she put it. I said yes but it was better to have dreams than nothing at all. I'll just say here that I didn't have any illusions of Anne fancying me, as I wasn't dished out any favours in the looks department; I suppose I am your ordinary Mr Average.

Anne snorted and said quite sharply, "You don't have to have nothing, quite a few girls here fancy you." At that she took the copy of Knave (which had been placed strategically on my lap) and started to flick through it. Then she tossed it onto the back seat and said, "I'm going to the sick room to get some aspirins, if you want that bulge treated you'd better come with me." I felt the heat in my face as I blushed but I was quite happy to go with her.

Just as soon as we got in the sick room Anne shut and locked the door behind us. She turned and started to kiss me. I could feel her tits against my chest, my prick was aching something chronic; the relief of Anne releasing it from its confines was lovely. Now I'm not well hung, but I have got a very thick cock. Anne looked down in amazement, trying to encircle it with one hand, only to find out she couldn't.

I hadn't had sex for a long time and as soon as Anne started pumping my cock was nearly bursting. I pulled her T-shirt off over her head and cupped one of her gorgeous tits in one hand and eagerly kissed and sucked the nipple on her other one. Releasing her breast, I undid her jeans and started to pull her jeans and knickers down together. Spunk was oozing out of my cock, so I told Anne unless she wanted my spunk over her hands, belly, tits or anywhere else I was likely to shoot she had better get some tissue handy. Anne told me she had no intention of letting my spunk go to waste and what she wanted was a 69.

Wasting no time at all, I picked Anne up, laid her on the sick bed and laid myself down beside her. I started kissing her breasts and then worked down to her belly bringing myself round into the 69 position. Anne opened her legs to reveal the most beautiful, wettest cunt I've ever laid eyes on. It was neatly shaved around her lips leaving them smooth and bare with just a little tuft of wispy blonde hair on her mons veneris.

While I had been observing all this Anne had got my cock into her mouth and was happily slurping away. She was also sliding two fingers up her sopping wet cunt. I bought my mouth down on her, licking and sucking her clit. God, she was wet, her juice was making a big damp patch on the blanket.

I was in ecstasy, my cock pumping away inside her mouth. Then I felt my cock start to swell and could hold back no longer. As I started to come, Anne tightened the grip of her mouth around me and sucked hard. The effect was incredible — I thought I would never stop pumping.

Anne grabbed my head with her hands, pushing me down harder onto her cunt while arching her back at the same time. Then she started to come as well. I have never seen so much juice — it was an impossible job to lick it all up but I enjoyed trying!

Anyway we had to end our session then as we had to go back to work, but afterwards Anne came round to my flat where we spent a night of unbelievable passion together. It turned out that Anne had fancied me for some time. She said with most blokes she could tell they just wanted a screw but as I had shown no interest it had intrigued her. That was last summer, we are still together now and have a terrific sex and social life.

So if I hadn't been sitting reading my copy of Knave I wouldn't have that fantastic day to look back on. Thanks chaps! *— J.T., Isle of Wight.*

Glad to be of service J.T. Flattery is a good policy, have this month's £50 prize as an added bonus! — Ed.

Recording Praise

Your re-designed Viewfinder section looks very modern. The old eye-ball gimmick was a bit naff. I'm pleased to see that you've started including albums in it too. However, the best bit of Vol. 18 No. 11 was Lesley — a bit of all right. The blurb is a bit puzzling. What precisely is a 'non-alcholic' wine? *— C.E., Wolverhampton.*

Ah! A 'non-alcholic' wine is the sort of thing which gets written by a totally pissed blurb writer after a particularly good lunch. — Ed.

Mother Knows Best

May I tell you about the most incredible experience I've ever had, or likely to have, come to think of it. The events happened last September and October but the roots go back a couple of years.

I am now 21 years old and when I was 19 I was going out with a girl, whom I've long since stopped seeing, but at the time she was always going round to her best friend's house. Her best friend's mum and dad however were going through a divorce at the time and I felt very uncomfortable in the house, though her mother made me feel welcome.

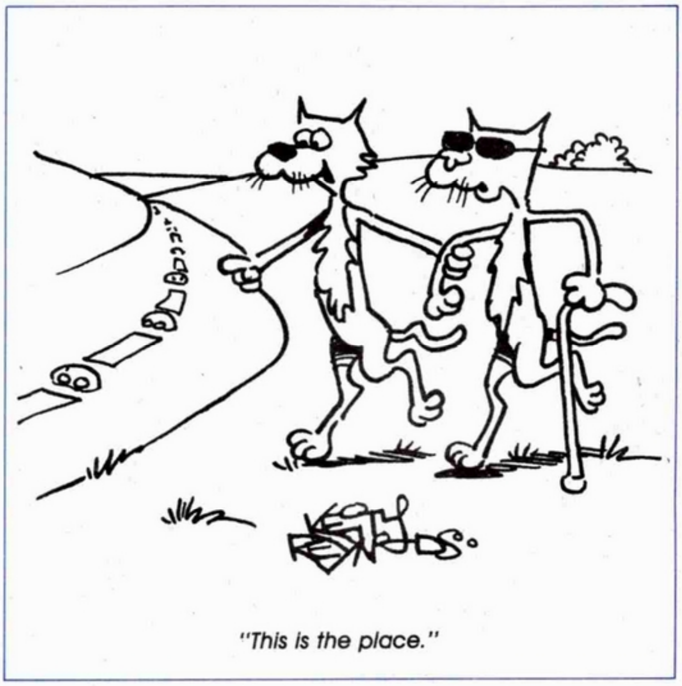
However to cut out a lot of irrelevance, I finished with the girl and went out with a couple of others seriously (4 or 5 months in my language) until one night when I was in the squash club bar with my mate Steve. We were just having a quiet drink when a couple of women came up to the bar. I recognized one of the voices, if not at first glance (through not wishing to appear lecherous), the woman. It was Susan, the mother of my ex-girlfriend's best friend.

What a change! When I had been round to her house she had always had straight 'boring' hair and never seemed to dress fashionably. But now, her dark hair had been cut over her ears and was long enough to reach down over her shoulders in a soft-perm style, she wore a really tight arse-clinging straight grey skirt with matching jacket, a white blouse and high heels. I couldn't believe it when she said hello to me.

Nervously, with my dick now as stiff as a ramrod, I returned the greeting. She chatted a couple of minutes before sitting down with her friend who was of a similar age — forty-five I found out later. I didn't leave until she did. She looked fucking gorgeous and there was no doubting what my right hand would be doing that night. I wanted to screw her badly.

The next time we met was by chance, in a local nightclub. I was at the bar with some of my mates when I spotted Sue and a few of her friends going into the dance floor bar. I wanted to go after her but waited a while and had another couple of pints until we all drifted off to try our luck. There was no doubt who I was after.

I walked out of the bar area and turned to go to the dance floor when who should be coming towards me but Sue.


"This is the place."

"With my dick as stiff as a ramrod, I returned the greeting."

"Hiya," I said sheepishly, dick again hardening at a rather rapid rate.

"Wait for me here while I go to the loo" she replied. So wait I did.

She again looked fucking gorgeous; this time a black arse-clinging skirt with a slit up the back almost up to her bum, a jacket to match, white blouse and underneath a black bra. She looked ready for it — high heels and black stockings or tights (I didn't know which) with a seam down the back.

When she came out we started chatting, then she suggested a dance — and what a horny mover she was! She kept 'bumping' into my erect member.

When a slower record came on she held me to her saying, "What a big boy!" as she rubbed me with her hand. "Don't think we'll sit down yet, eh?" I couldn't believe it, a 45 year old woman giving me the come on in no uncertain terms.

Ten minutes later she suggested going home to her house. I certainly wasn't going to say no. We got a taxi and when we got out she kissed me and again rubbed my bulging pants. "I'm going to give you the best night of your life, you lucky bastard," she said as she opened the front door.

I couldn't wait. Going into the lounge I immediately put my

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hand over her skirt to see if you had stockings on — she had. My dick seemed to harden even more. "Like them, lover?" she asked. "They make you big, don't they?" She stepped forward, taking her jacket off.

My hand lurched up her skirt to find her cunt. It was soaking wet. Sue took in a breath of air as I forced my fingers up her, giving her a good rub. She immediately started coming saying, "I've not had that for four years. Do it hard!"

With my other hand I took my clothes off. Sue was groaning as she leaned over the settee with legs apart and quim absolutely gushing love juices. I unzipped her skirt and took it off. What a sight! — The smallest black G-string and sussies. The briefs didn't last long however and my dick was straight up her.

I couldn't hold out and just had to fuck her as fast as I could. I was soon shooting all my come up her as she screamed out, "Fuck me hard, fuck me hard, come inside me, come you bastard." Which I promptly did.

Slumping into a heap on the floor we rested for 15 minutes or so before she had my limp dick erect as a ramrod again, this time in her mouth. She sucked as hard as I've ever experienced and while doing it she took her blouse and bra. I could feel myself about to come again and didn't know whether I should but I thought 'she's fit and wants it' so I held back as long as possible then shot all over her face, mouth and hair.

"You're the fittest lad I've ever done that to — you bastard." You're the most gorgeous woman ever to do it me, I thought. "Let's go to bed and see if you're man enough to shag the arse off me again." Sue said.

"Just try it," I said. So she did.

She lay on the bed, legs open with stockings and sussies still on, spunk all over her hair and began to finger herself. "I want your cock up here," she told me. My dick soon became erect and found no trouble in making her come again.

Since then I've started going out with her and the unthinkable has happened. She's pregnant, by me, 24 years younger than her but we're getting married, having the kid and hope to start a family. Her daughters — 19 and 24 — don't seem to mind now and are looking forward to having another sister or brother. Sue still looks gorgeous whenever we go anywhere and fucks like the end of the world. Much better than the 18 year olds I'd been with. Take my advice, lads, get an experienced woman. They know how to shag and when to — all the time.

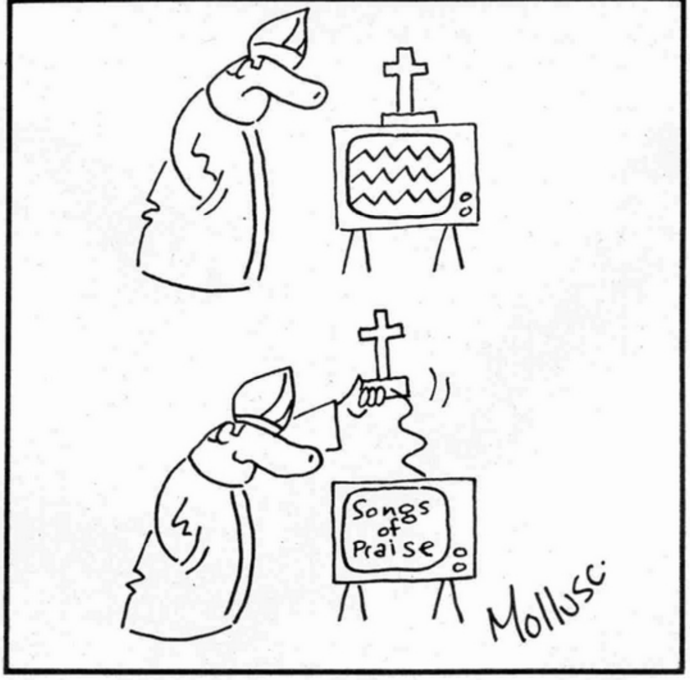
Keep up the good work. — *J.J., Oldham.*

Great Designs

I write to congratulate you on Knave Vol. 18 No. 10, it's one of your best in years. The large picture format, particularly the set of Fayme, is very attractive and recalls the style of the magazine in the late seventies.

The close-up of Tammy's tender cunt was very exciting. But don't concentrate on genitalia to the exclusion of everything else. Keep up the good work, and keep outshining your competitors!
— S.G., London.

FOR GOD'S SAKE



Juggling With Julie

After reading Knave for the first time for a while I feel compelled to write, as I am reminded of the most electric one-night stand I have ever had. The few one-offs I have known have been the usual fumbling, lusty but generally unsuccessful affairs which are common-place. This one was wonderfully new.

I had been invited to a play with a colleague of mine, Sue, who was 23 and attractive but unfortunately getting a regular going-over from her boyfriend. Sue and I shared regular conversations about sex, so she knew I would fancy her flatmate, Julie, who she brought with her. It ended up as the quickest piece of mutual attraction I have ever experienced.

Julie was only 18 but sexually very provocative. She was having an on-off relationship with her boyfriend and was by no means averse to flirting. During the play, our eyes were constantly teasing each other, and some sexy chat was soon struck up in the pub afterwards, especially when Sue left to go to her boyfriend's for the night.

I am 26 and have had a few girlfriends but Julie was something else. She was dressed in an elegant dress which was sexily sophisticated, showing off her curves without being too tarty. She had done some part-time modelling and you could tell — long, wild, dark hair, immaculate make-up and slim legs. I don't want to sound contrived but her breasts were marvellous. Indeed, due to her modelling aspirations and flirtatious nature, we spent a great deal of time talking about them.

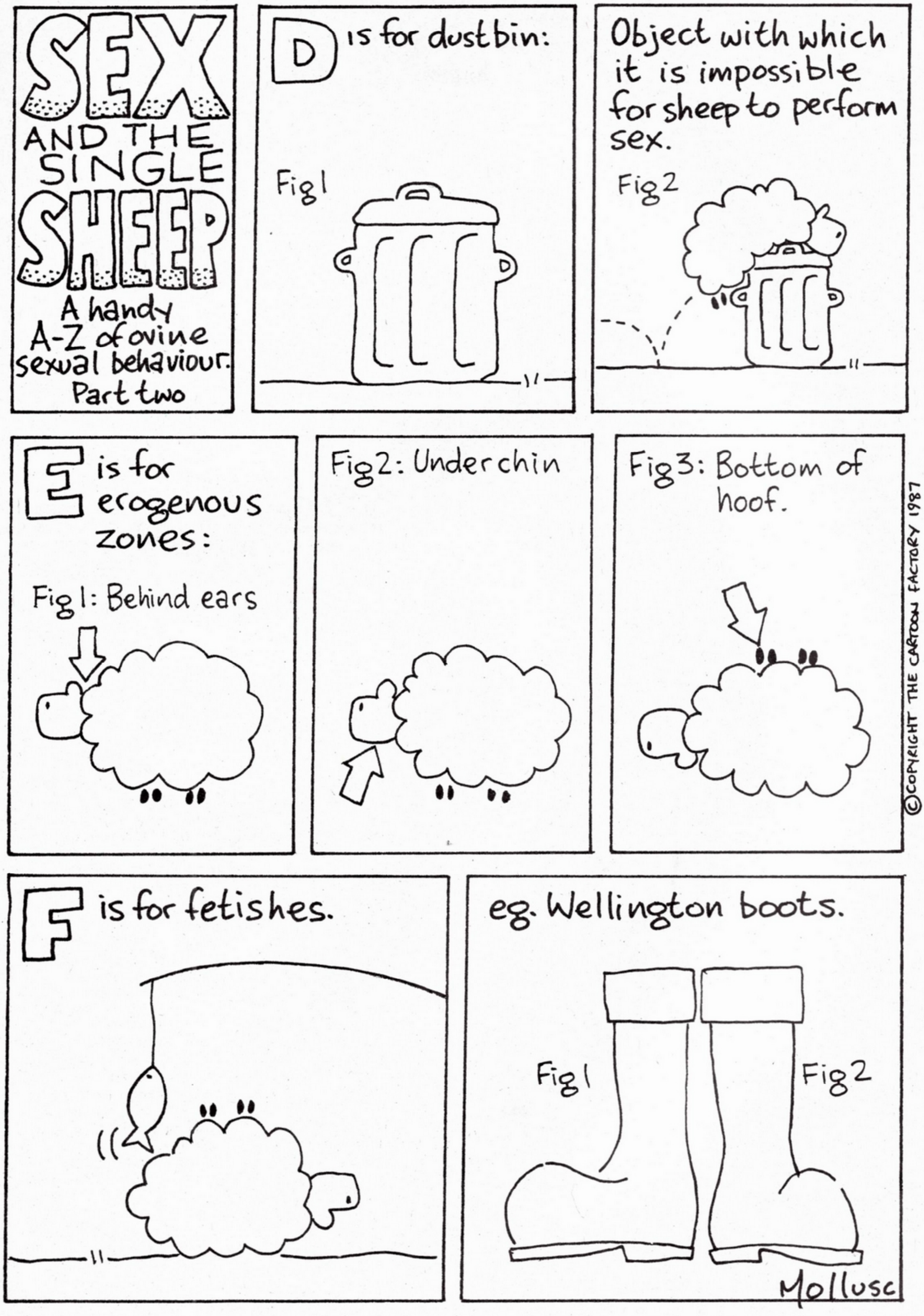
She continually asked me if I thought 38D was too big and if she looked top-heavy. It soon became obvious that she wanted reassurance in a more physical way and we shared a taxi back home to her flat.

As I said, Sue had gone out for the night, so we got our impatient flirt-fuelled hands on each other immediately. Our tongues were entwined the moment we shut the door. We hurried into her beautifully adorned room and my hands immediately went to her great heaving orbs as hers went as quickly to my bulging crotch.

We were out of our clothes without a hint of self-consciousness and Julie did as I prayed to myself she would and sank to her knees dressed only in classy black lingerie. I bent to unhook her bra and free her tits as I felt her flickering tongue on my engorged cock. Her mouth sank deeper and deeper as I put my hands on her head and encouraged her to take more. My hips ground frantically as I fucked her mouth and she

"So we got our impatient flirt-fuelled hands on each other immediately. Our tongues entwined . . ."

continued on page 25


SEX AND THE SINGLE SHEEP
A handy A-Z of ovine sexual behaviour. Part two
D is for dustbin:
Fig 1
Object with which it is impossible for sheep to perform sex.
Fig 2
E is for erogenous zones:
Fig 1: Behind ears
Fig 2: Underchin
Fig 3: Bottom of hoof.
F is for fetishes.
eg. Wellington boots.
Fig 1
Fig 2
Mollusc

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continued from page 23

looked up at me with eyes that said "It's alright, keep pumping — I swallow it."

That is one of the most encouraging looks a man can get, and I did as she wanted. Her hand steadied my cock as it throbbed and I shot my load of thick come into her greedy throat. As she had hinted, she swallowed every drop, leaving me drained. She then took her panties down and lay back on the bed revealing a neatly shaved bush as her long legs spread wide.

Her bush was just as I love, shaved around the edges to avoid bikini-line stragglers, yet thick black and like a jungle from her wet labia right round to her arse with its ring of curly hairs.

Julie screamed a shrill series of cries as my tongue shot between her hairs and into her sopping slit. "I need you tonight," she moaned as my hands reached up to maul her huge warm mounds. She orgasmed as I flicked her clitoris with my tongue and then pleaded softly, "kiss my tits darling." I slobbered all over her huge dark aureolae, biting her erect nipples as I felt my desire for her hot cunt.

KEITH REYNOLDS

"What do you think of your tits, Julie?" I shouted, longing to hear her answer.

"I love them big, they're fucking gorgeous!" was her heated reply. "Now, fuck me, for Christ's sake!"

I pushed her legs back even further and rammed Julie harder than I've ever rammed a girl in my life. We both came soon afterwards in a flurry of creaking bed-springs, low male moaning and high-pitched feminine screams. Of course, I wanted to make it a regular thing, but Julie gave the impression she wanted to try and patch things up with her boyfriend so it had to end there. Sue told me Julie always talks about me but I know the score. Still, even now two years later, in a new town, I long for another night of passion with Julie. — *R.F., Bristol.*

Submarine Relaunch

I've just stumbled across your so-called relaunch (Vol. 18 No. 11). Oh boy, did you get a job lot of cheap grey paper or something? Penpower used to be dull content-wise, but now it's even coloured appropriately.

As far as I could tell there was nothing new about the girl sets — they were still as good as ever. The funny features were about the same quality as usual. The fiction was predictable (and those bloody flying saucers didn't help). I liked the test drive. Didn't bother reading the fashion stuff. The Peter Shilton interview was interesting.

Well, there's my reactions. I'm still going to buy the magazine — for a while anyway. — *J.S., Stoke.*

Purple Prose

I suppose it all really started, when, late one evening, I arrived home at my luxury flat, to find a note from my wife, to say that she had had enough of playing second fiddle to a Hasselblad and was going off with a friend she had met at her office. I cannot say it was a shock but the reality of it filled me with foreboding and my eyes with tears. Many weeks were to pass before I even picked a camera from out of its case, let alone fire a shutter. The way in which I was led back into the photographic world with its wonderful and exciting consequences, I should like to relate to you now.

For several months, a well-to-do young lady of my acquaintance had asked if I would visit her home to take some glamour photographs of herself and her friend Zoe. I had refused the assignment in the past because although I knew my wife was having an affair on the side, she would have played merry hell with me, had I gone to Tania's home to take photographs, never mind that sort of photo. Anyway, even if I had dared risk the wrath of a woman scorned, I had a feeling I was being used. Tania was young, well bred and upholstered, wealthy and with plenty of time on her hands.

When she rang me again, the rules were a little different and I readily accepted Tania's commission to visit her home the following weekend and to take some glamour shots of her and Zoe, shots that were to prove the most exciting of my photographic career.

Saturday afternoon arrived, as did a chauffeur driven Range Rover, into which I loaded my not inconsiderable amount of photographic paraphernalia. The chauffeur was a young chap about thirty, and on the thirteen or so miles to Tania's, he filled me in with what I took to be some wild fantasies of what he imagined went on 'Upstairs', when Mater and Pater were away on hush-hush Government business in some foreign clime. I did not pay him much mind but was thankful for the pleasant interlude, especially as he had whetted my appetite for some female company — of which there had been a dearth of late.

Tania insisted that all the work was to be carried out in her very spacious bedroom (into which my entire flat would have fitted) on the third floor of the mansion she chose to call home, with its twenty-odd rooms and fifty acres of land surrounding the place. Humping all my gear even up that ornate staircase, nearly finished me and on the last journey I was puffing like a steam locomotive that was about to give up the ghost at the top of a steep incline.

"It nearly finished me. I was puffing like a steam locomotive that was about to give up the ghost at the top of a steep incline."

I started to set up the tripod, camera and lights, when Tania's voice issued forth from her dressing room next door, telling me that she would be with me in a jiff with a reviver. She bade me take the weight from my feet and sit on her bed. I thought I heard some female giggling but I could have been wrong.

I must have been worse than I thought, I dozed off for a while. The next thing I knew, I was coming to on Tania's bed with a sense of well being and an impression that my trousers were being stroked in a manner and

PENPOWER

continued from the previous page

place that was electric in its effect. *(Stop rambling, man! — Ed.)*.

I opened my eyes to find a gorgeous, blonde-haired girl, stroking my cock through my trousers with her long, slender, well manicured hands. The strokes were slow and deliberate and it took only a few more strokes of this well aimed stimulation to bring my cock near to bursting point in the constraints of my trousers. My concern *(Bloody funny word for it. — Ed.)* must have shown because this delightful creature took pity upon me, undid my zip and put her hands inside to release my tool — all of its eight inches.

There was an audible intake of breath from the girl, and then her still pursed lips descended on my cock to try and soothe away some of the discomfort I was feeling there. Her lips covered the head, her tongue flicking gently as her young mouth took in as much of my throbbing engine *(Engine? Throbbing, fucking engine? God! — Ed.)* as she could.

By this time I was moaning loud enough for all the world to hear, which seemed to excite her all the more. She tried to say something with a mouth full of my flesh. I asked her to remember her manners and not to speak with her mouth full.

"I'm Zoe," she murmured, as she first clambered on to the silk covered bed and then onto me. She undid her silk blouse very slowly, revealing to my lusting eyes a pair of pear shaped tits. They were large, firm, upward tilting and pink all over except for the centres which were a deep crimson colour with nipples which must have been a full half-inch in length.

I pulled her down onto me, pressed my lips to the rosy nippled centres, ran my tongue around them and sucked the long nipples into my mouth, nipping them with my teeth at the same time. The nipples got harder and redder as her excitement mounted. Noises came from deep within her throat that told me she was really enjoying the experience. My lips reluctantly left the succulent orbs, but were replaced almost immediately by my hands, tweeking the nipples occasionally to heighten her passion still further. It must have done the trick, because in a husky voice that was barely audible, I heard: "I need to be fucked long and slow, and I want to be fucked now".

Zoe did not want to remove her small cotton briefs but wanted me to fuck her up her leg. She moved a little further up onto my heaving body, pulled aside a sliver of cotton and revealed, momentarily, her downy slit, glistening with pearls of love juice. She caught hold of my prick with two hands and inserted its bulbous head into her grotto with difficulty. She caught her breath as inch by inch my cock sunk deeper and deeper, until about six inches of it were being bathed in bliss. Her moaning became louder and disjointed as she rode my cock as though I was a bucking bronco.

"After a few minutes, we both collapsed exhausted on the bed."

I thrust my cock into her like I'd never done before.

I felt deep stirrings in my balls and I knew that an eruption of at least six on the Richter scale was in the offing. I rammed my prick in again and again and as Zoe screamed, shuddered and shook in uncontrollable orgasm, I injected her with a full load which seared into her very vitals.

"Please let me suck you," Zoe begged, when we had both caught our breath. Before many seconds had passed, she had descended onto my cock and was enjoying the surplus produce from my horn of plenty. Not to be outdone, I turned Zoe slowly around so her cunt was above my mouth and sucked it for all I was worth — what bliss! After a few minutes, we both collapsed exhausted on the bed, but not before promising an action replay later during the evening should the opportunity arise.

I must confess to you now that I took not a single shot that weekend but continued to indulge in the kind of activities one reads about in Knave and never expects to participate in oneself. The whole weekend was unbelievable so I though your readers should benefit from my good fortune as well. If you are interested and assuming I have not bored you to death, I can write to you again, if you so wish, to tell you the rest of the story. Can I? — *R.L., Bristol.*

Can he? What do you think? Why not write in and tell us what you think about the letters. Do you like them on the whole? Do some of them get right up your nose? Let us know. — Ed.

"Mum! Mum! I found this rocket in your wardrobe!"

Magic Mushrooms

The new Knave (Vol. 18 No. 11) looks quite nice. But have you started running deliberate mistake competitions? Or is the green circle on Alfreda's nether regions (page 7) an exotic fungus? — *Mike, Catford.*

We fed our resident mycologist with a sample of the substance in question. Even now, we're trying to get his expert opinion. The trouble is, that his ghost refuses to speak to the company medium about it. So your guess is as good as ours! — Ed.

Picture This

My name is Ann, I am 42 years old and have been happily married to Dave for 20 years. We came to Australia from the States a few years ago. I am the mother of four children, ranging in ages from 7 to 18, of which my husband is the father of only our second child.

I am 5' 6'' tall and weigh 114lbs. My eyes are green, my hair is short and dark. I am pleased to say that men find me attractive both in face and figure. My measurements are 34-25-35. My tits are small, but very firm and cone shaped and most men seem to enjoy my very large nipples. My ass is firm, nicely rounded and has a practised seductive sway when I walk. My legs are my best asset, and I like to show them off.

I am quite proud of my reputation among swinging circles as a very 'Easy Piece of Ass' and a 'Great Fuck'. I have been putting out to other men as often as I can get it throughout

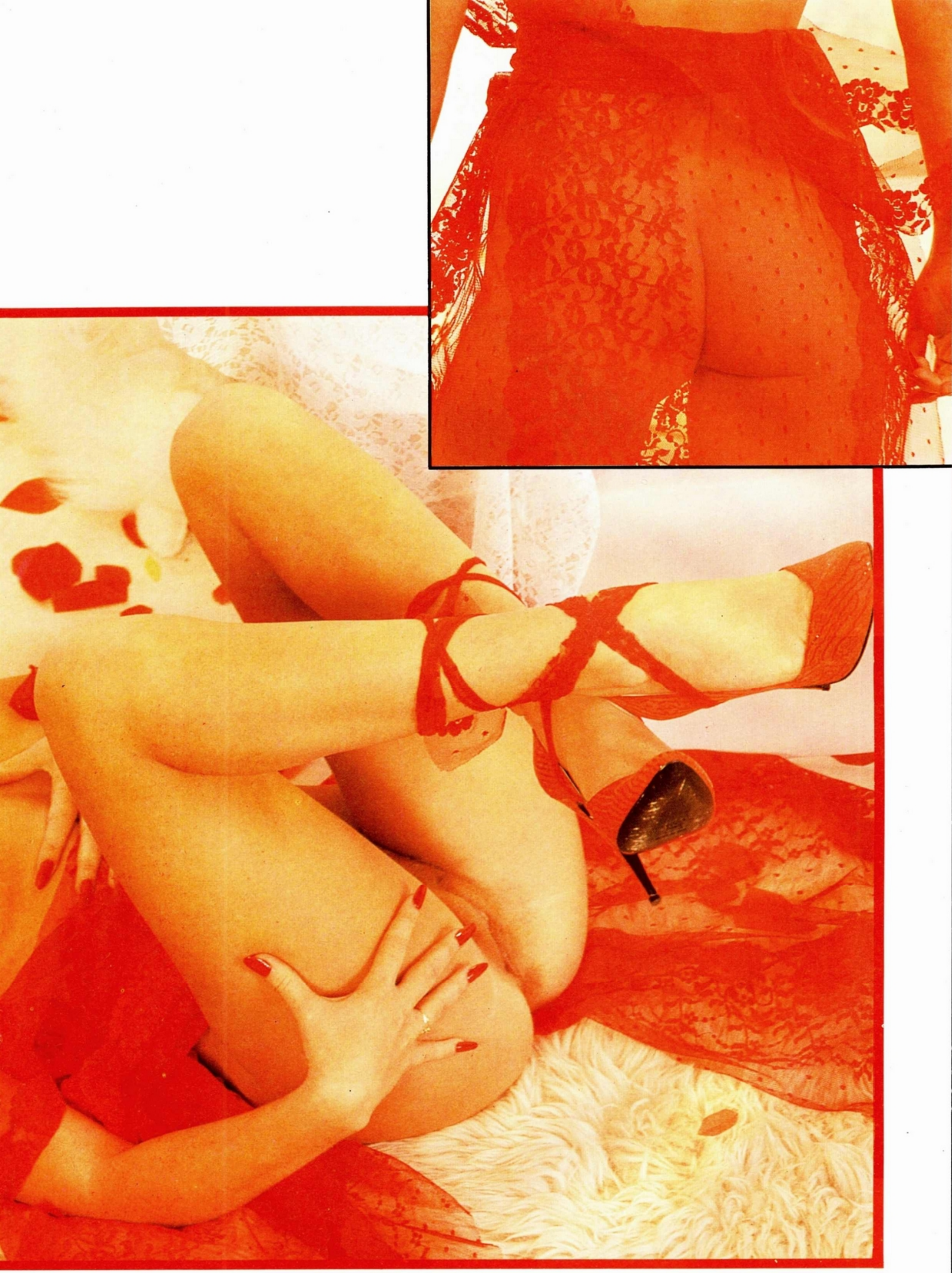
continued on page 91

GAIL

Gail's a real honey, a cut above your average beauty. Way back in Knave Vol. 18 No. 2 a previous blurb writer attempted some scurrilous witticisms about the gorgeous Gail, gay balloons, blow-jobs and the Assistant Editor.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALBERT HALL

Now, I'm as broad-minded as the next man, but that sort of thing is really going too far. For a start it put Gail off her training for the whole of the following week. And when you're talking about the best goalie in the county, that's serious. So, no balloons, no innuendo, just a discreet interior set, a bout of physiotherapy on the sofa, and a quick drink afterwards – all good clean fun.



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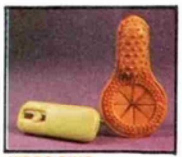

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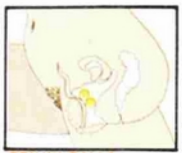

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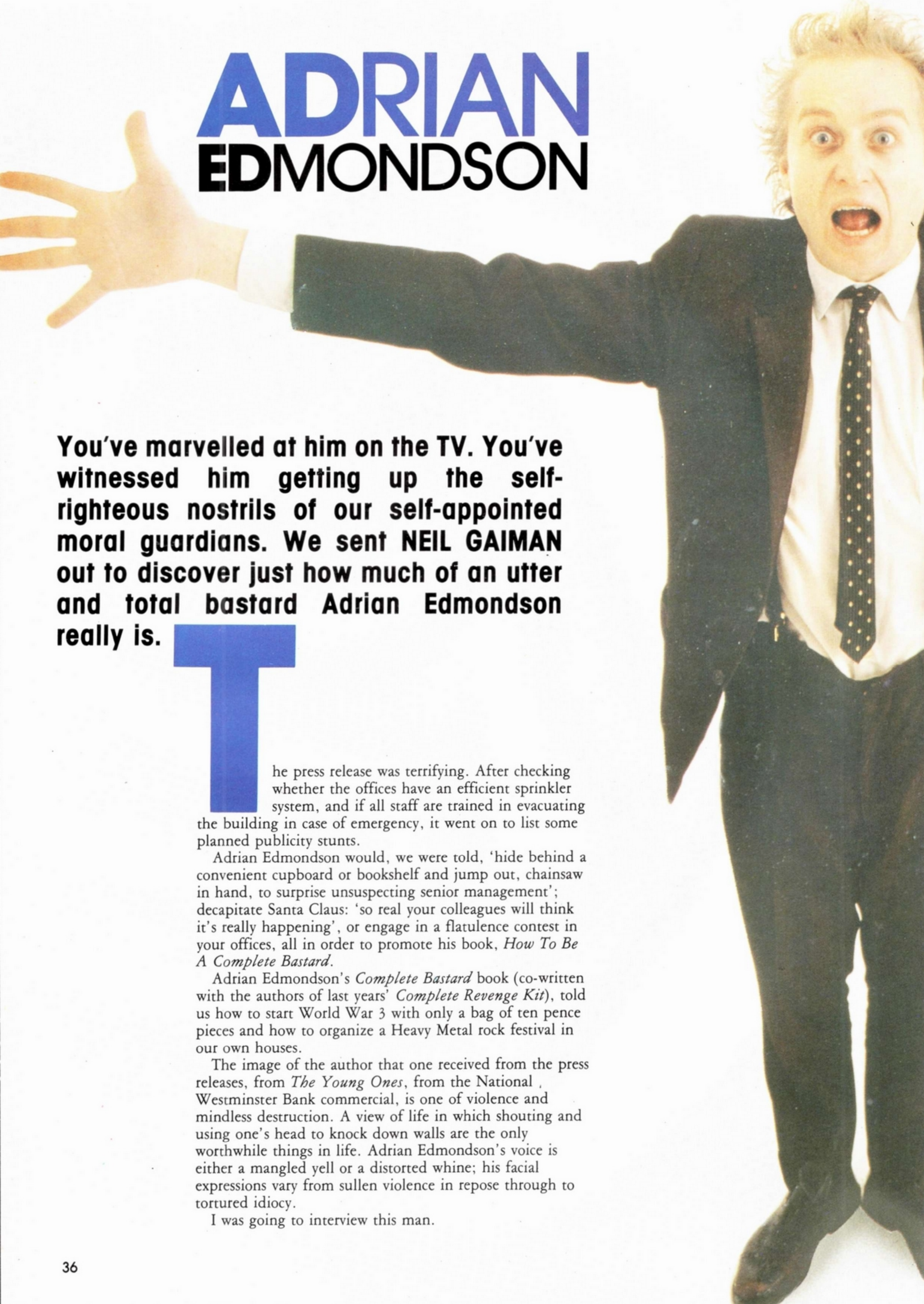
ADRIAN EDMONDSON



You've marvelled at him on the TV. You've witnessed him getting up the self-righteous nostrils of our self-appointed moral guardians. We sent NEIL GAIMAN out to discover just how much of an utter and total bastard Adrian Edmondson really is.

The press release was terrifying. After checking whether the offices have an efficient sprinkler system, and if all staff are trained in evacuating the building in case of emergency, it went on to list some planned publicity stunts.

Adrian Edmondson would, we were told, 'hide behind a convenient cupboard or bookshelf and jump out, chainsaw in hand, to surprise unsuspecting senior management'; decapitate Santa Claus: 'so real your colleagues will think it's really happening', or engage in a flatulence contest in your offices, all in order to promote his book, *How To Be A Complete Bastard*.

Adrian Edmondson's *Complete Bastard* book (co-written with the authors of last years' *Complete Revenge Kit*), told us how to start World War 3 with only a bag of ten pence pieces and how to organize a Heavy Metal rock festival in our own houses.

The image of the author that one received from the press releases, from *The Young Ones*, from the National , Westminster Bank commercial, is one of violence and mindless destruction. A view of life in which shouting and using one's head to knock down walls are the only worthwhile things in life. Adrian Edmondson's voice is either a mangled yell or a distorted whine; his facial expressions vary from sullen violence in repose through to tortured idiocy.

I was going to interview this man.

THE KNAVE INTERVIEW

When I told people they *tutted*, and asked if I'd made out a will. After all, I was going to interview the one and only complete and utter bastard.

The offices of Virgin Books can be found in the dimmer recesses of North-West London. When I reached the bottom of the stairs my heart missed a beat, due primarily to the maniacal chain-saw wielding figure lurking in the shadows, who, on closer inspection, turned out to be a cardboard cut-out model of Mr Edmondson at his most dangerous. I wondered briefly if I should make a run for it . . . after all, if that was the cardboard cut-out, what would the real thing be like?

The real thing was rather boring.

Now, I mean that in the nicest possible way. There are no studs in his forehead; his hair is blond, not red and spiky; he wears glasses; his speech is quiet, not 'shouty' or strange.

I sit down, turn on my tape recorder and knock over a cup of coffee: not the most auspicious of beginnings. From there we can only go up.

So how much of Adrian Edmondson is in the character of 'Adrian Edmonson', the lawless anarchic bastard?

''It's a character I do very well. I'm very good at shouting and being violent. Those are my fortes. And suffering pain.

''The character was originally developed with Rik Mayall about ten years ago, in The Dangerous Brothers. That was where we originally began doing that loud, violent humour.

"I was originally going to do the book as a Vyvyan book, but then I thought *no*, because I want to kill him. And it's much better as me. It gives it more scope: he can be stupidly intelligent, while Vyvyan was only really violent. And Adrian Dangerous was just a sort of showman. Eddie Monsoon was just a sort of has-been. So to make me the bastard . . . well, from the fan-mail I get people think I am like these characters, so I am broadly the biggest bastard in London."

But he's really not?

"Really I'm sweet and cuddly."

Even before publication the *Bastard* book had stirred up some flak.

"It was even mentioned in Parliament. In Hansard. Geoffrey Dickens asked 'How could we have the Duchess of York treading on what purports to be the penis of a popular entertainer? Terrific. I think that's all right."

"We discussed what would happen if the Coyote ever caught the Roadrunner. Adrian belched dramatically."

Did he cut out anything on the grounds of taste?

"No, just the occasional swear word. And there's no real need for swear words. You can use other words, like nob, and bastard. They aren't really swear words. The point of swearing is not really to outrage anyone, but is because it's funny. When people get insulting it's funny. To call someone a cunt isn't funny. It doesn't amuse anyone. Although there was one really good *cunt!* on Derek and Clive. I suppose all swear words are funny if you use them in the right context."

What makes things funny?

"I don't know. I don't know the theory of comedy any more than you know the theory of journalism. I laugh a lot — a lot of things make me laugh. I just pick the best of them and write them down.

"I find insulting people quite funny. People who get angry don't say what they mean; they say something stupid. I know I do. I have to try not to get angry."

Hmm. Does he get angry a lot?

"I get irrationally angry quite often. Especially driving . . ."

Is he funny off the cuff?

"No. I'm sure I can be witty, but I'm not Billy Connolly. He's not really impromptu funny, he's just Billy Connolly on the stage, so when he's off stage he can do his act to you. I don't have an act. So I have to write it down . . . I'm not spontaneously funny."

Do people stop him in the street and ask him to be funny for them?

"They don't recognise me because I wear my glasses in private life. And they do disfigure me. I don't get recognized a lot. I find it awfully embarrassing when people ask for my autograph, as I don't think I deserve it. This celebrity business is awfully strange. It's what papers rely on these days. It's ridiculous. The way Mandy Smith has become an instant celebrity just by being involved with Bill Wyman is extraordinary. And it was all done by a press agent, wasn't it. It was a set-up."

He's obviously manipulating his own image. "Well, I'm not wacky and zany all the time. Sorry."

Let's change the subject slightly. Did he expect *The Young Ones* to become the cult hit that it did? "No. Never. It was right at the start of our TV exposure and we really didn't think anything of it. I thought it was good. We were all very proud of it. But no-one expected it to become a cult. I mean, the only cult that's been set up is Sigue Sigue Sputnik and they're a load of shit. So there's no way you can plan that. The character of Vyvyan comes from the naturally shouty voice. It's how I find I can be funny."

Was he a class clown at school?

"No. I was one of those insufferable school play entertainers. I was the showbusiness end of the school. I tried writing witty things in the school magazine. I don't think any of them were funny."

How was his recent Italian holiday?

He giggled. "How did you know about that? How did you get that information?" I thought about giving him the standard omniscience guff, but then admitted that I'd interviewed Dawn French and Ruby Wax a few weeks before (for a colourful daily newspaper that shall be nameless), and Dawn had just returned from Jennifer Saunders' Italian holiday, where they had been co-scripting the upcoming French and Saunders variety show.

"They just aren't very good at working," he joked. "They did about an hour's work in a week, which is about par for the course when they're at home."

Mark Leigh and Mike Lepine, author of last year's *Complete Revenge Kit*, co-authored the book with Adrian. Who did most of the work? "They came up with the idea which I thought was completely brilliant. We wrote about 50% each."

My favourite section in the book is How To Be A Sexist Bastard. His is You Too Can Have A Nob Like Mine.

At this point his lunch arrives (unidentifiable meat and two veg.) and the conversation drifts over to Oxbridge humour.

"I don't like Oxbridge humour. I don't like the Oxbridge mafia."

So he never wanted to be a doctor?

"I never wanted to be anything. Except maybe a bricklayer. I thought they earned a lot of money. But my dad persuaded me to go back and finish the sixth form. The papers were full of Superhods earning millions of pounds a year and driving to work in a roller. I thought, 'I can do that — I can carry bricks!' "

The conversation drifts around. Babies (he and Jennifer have a girl), newspapers, political ideology.

"I consider myself a feminist. I consider that women should be equal to men — that they *are* equal to men, it's just that society won't let them be equal. but most feminists who actually write are beyond feminism: they want a world in which women are superior to men."

I mention something a lesbian feminist friend of mine

was telling me recently: that all pornography is bad, evil and degrades women, unless it was feminist pornography — taken by a female photographer, viewed by lesbians.

''I think all pornography is bad. I don't like pornography. Although I bought a lot of wank magazines in my time, which I'm ashamed of. If the whole idea of sex wasn't so repressed in your childhood you wouldn't need them.''

We discuss nudity and the sale of newspapers. Samantha Fox. His future projects.

''Rik Mayall, Nigel Planer and I are working on a new comedy series for the BBC now. It's called *Filthy Rich and Catflap*. Rik plays a failed showbiz celeb in the Tarbuck/Forsyth mode, I play his minder and Nigel plays his agent.''

Is Adrian playing a sweet, sensitive person?

''No, it's generally my broader, more bastardy side. It's going to be as funny as the Young Ones, but not as hectic, because we're getting *old* and we can't do that stuff any more. We can't run around all day long.''

What makes him laugh?

''Billy Connolly live. Roadrunner cartoons. Laurel and Hardy. Steve Martin. Those are my favourites.''

We discussed what would happen if the Coyote ever caught the Roadrunner. Adrian belched dramatically.

''I think the humour I do is better than most things. Most British comedy is very tired. You sit down in front of the TV in the evenings and you watch what's on when you turn it on. Very occasionally do you have to make a real choice. People do have to make a real choice to work for us because we are put out at such obscure times. So as not to offend the children who all videotape it and watch it the next day anyway. If they're smart.''

Is the *Alternative* label dead now?

''It's not something *we* coined. You coined it, you the press. I mean the reason why it was called alternative was that it was broadly non-sexist, non-racist and subscribed to a generally left-wing point of view. Most alternative comedy assumes people want a fair, just world. I think it's comedy that's funny but doesn't oppress people. It only attacks success.''

If he had to choose a label, then, what would it be?

''Funny. I don't think Bernard Manning is funny. He offends me. The 'jokes' he makes aren't funny. Most mainstream comedy isn't funny. Alternative comedy is funny comedy.''

Does he regard himself as a funny person?

No. I regard myself a comic actor and a writer, and a director as well.''

He wrote and directed some of the *Comic Strip Presents* . . . episodes. ''They weren't meant to be funny. Just good films. Not gag a minute stuff like the Young Ones. There's a new series this year.''

How would he sum himself up?

''I write comedy. And I'm a socialist. I don't write anything that offends my own philosophy. That doesn't mean I'm a philosopher. I write comedy.''

What's he most proud of?

''My proudest television is the Dangerous Brothers. My proudest book is this one. My proudest film is *Supergrass*.''

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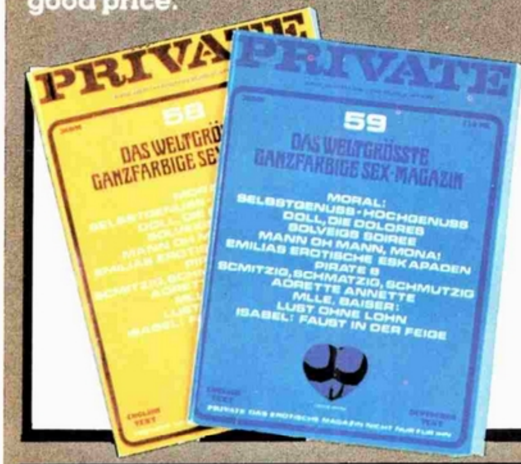

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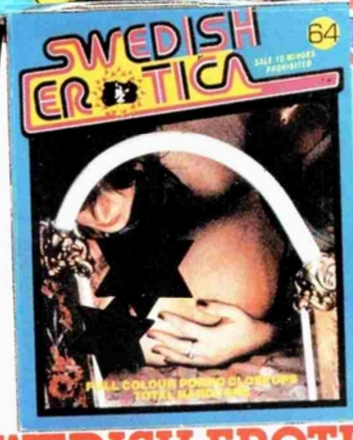

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continued from page 39

Has the money changed his life a great deal?

"Everybody thinks that success is something overnight. That you can relate what you are now to what you were when you didn't earn anything. But it's taken seven years. The only real difference is I can afford to smoke more than I used to.

"It makes life much more comfortable to know you can afford your house, and life's small pleasures . . .

"I don't earn an enormous amount. Although I earn a lot more than the national average. If I was richer I'd just work slightly less."

Does he feel there's been an element of luck in his success?

"I do what I like doing and what I'm good at doing, and people pay me. You have to work." We discuss the price of fame, of media-created-personalities.

"I don't go to Stringfellows. I don't like going to galas. I hate meeting famous people. I get all the invites but I don't go . . . It's just a load of showbiz people trying to get into the paper.

"I'm not Vyvyan. Now, I think I'm really interesting, but people don't want me. They want Vyvyan to come and do half an episode of the Young Ones at their party. We got offered a Concorde out, Concorde back, first class hotels and two thousand quid each to go to the Def Leppard end of Tour party. Dressed as Vyvyan. Well hooray . . ."

We talk about the Bad News Tour, about wanting to be a rock star. He wouldn't want to be a rock star. He doesn't like doing the things rock stars do. "I don't take drugs. I used to take drugs but . . . it's foolish. And it's a shame people feel the need to take them. It's a need. It's an escape from most people's social environment (except in the pop world, where it's just ludicrously self-indulgent). The real drug takers, who are the ones who take drugs to avoid life, I can see why they do it, because a lot of them have lives that are worth avoiding. I wouldn't like to be on the dole in Liverpool. I might become an addict. But the solution is not to say 'Aren't pop stars a bad influence?' The solution is to create more employment!"

So what are his solutions to the problems of unemployment and urban decay?

"Massive taxation. I don't understand the totality of world economics but I do know that 7% of the world's population owns 84% of the world's wealth. And that's . . . *wrong*. There has to be a fairer spread. But you can't just hand it out as money . . . you have to give people jobs."

He has to be at Radio London for an interview in twenty minutes, so the conversation draws to a close. Back to the book. (*How to Be A Complete Bastard*. One hundred pages of mayhem and shouting, not unlike being hit over the head repeatedly with an amusing, but weighty, sledgehammer.) Does he have any advice for any readers who would like to be complete Bastards?

"Buy this book. It's the complete guide."

Bastard things to do to interviewers?

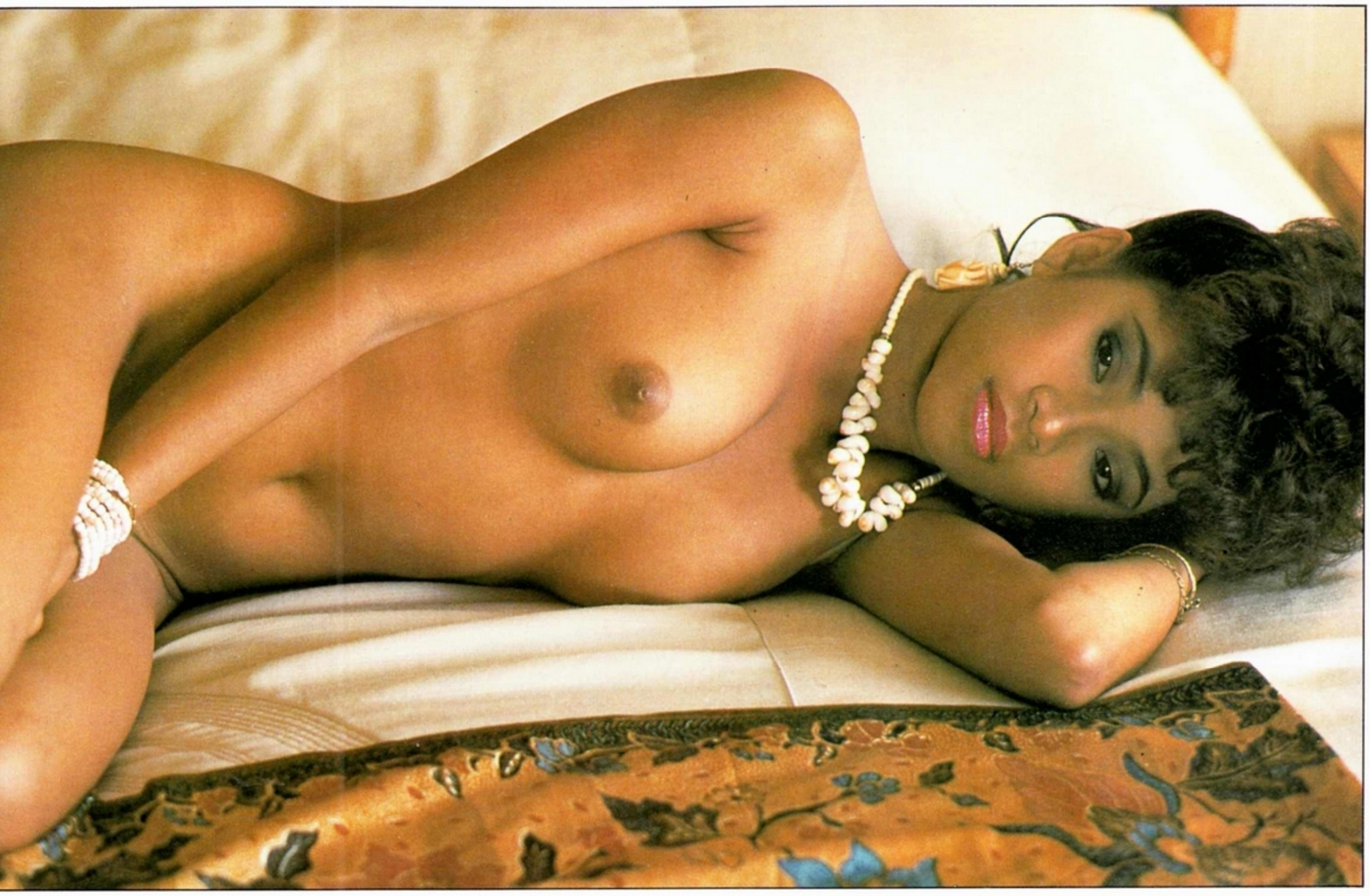
"At this moment he beat me senseless with my tape recorder."

But of course he didn't. Vyvyan might have done. But not Adrian. He was much too nice. Earnest. Worthy. Nowhere near as terrifying as his press releases . . .

lynn

Some may find it difficult to believe that this gorgeous creature is really called Lynn Wanetta Swift, but it's absolutely true. It just goes to show what a mixed bunch those eighteenth century crypto-Huguenot refugees were!

Lynn is a shit-hot centre forward, with a fabbo body swerve and a penchant for scoring from and in the most unlikely of positions. Apart from being a lady footballer, Lynn is also the only stockbroker I know who lives within a fifteen mile radius of Talybont. This accounts for her extravagant high spending profile, jet setting life style and well stocked cache of exotic herbs seeped in strong liquor.



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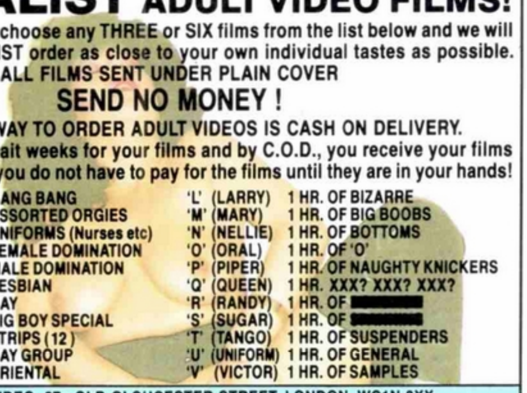

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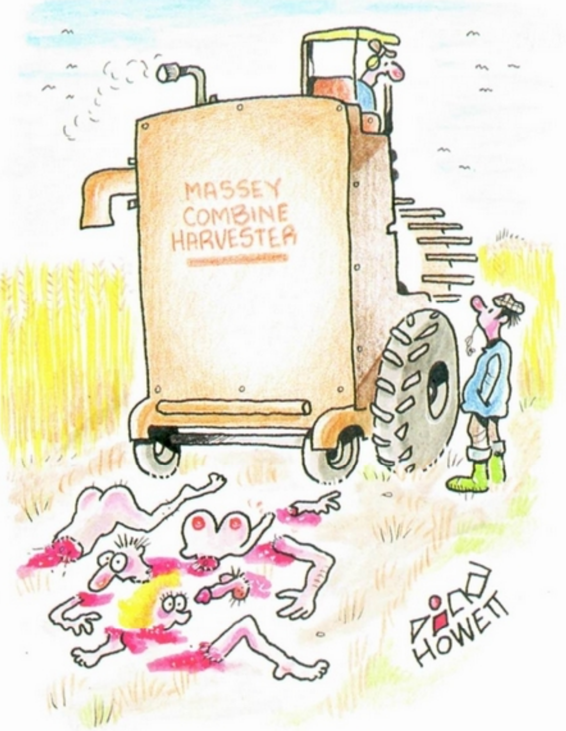
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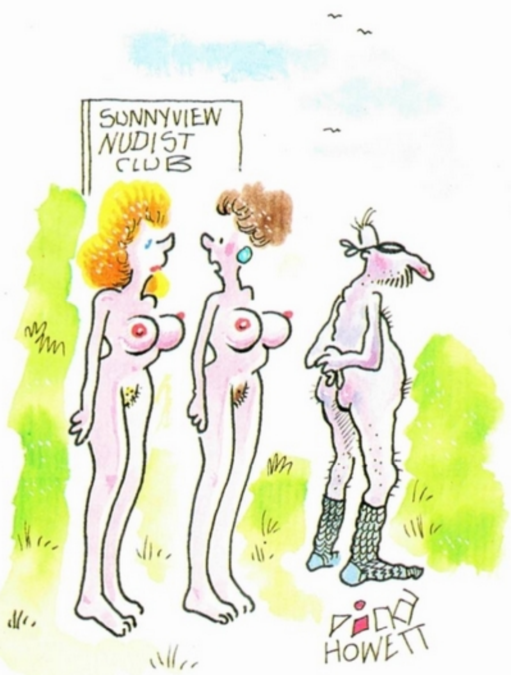
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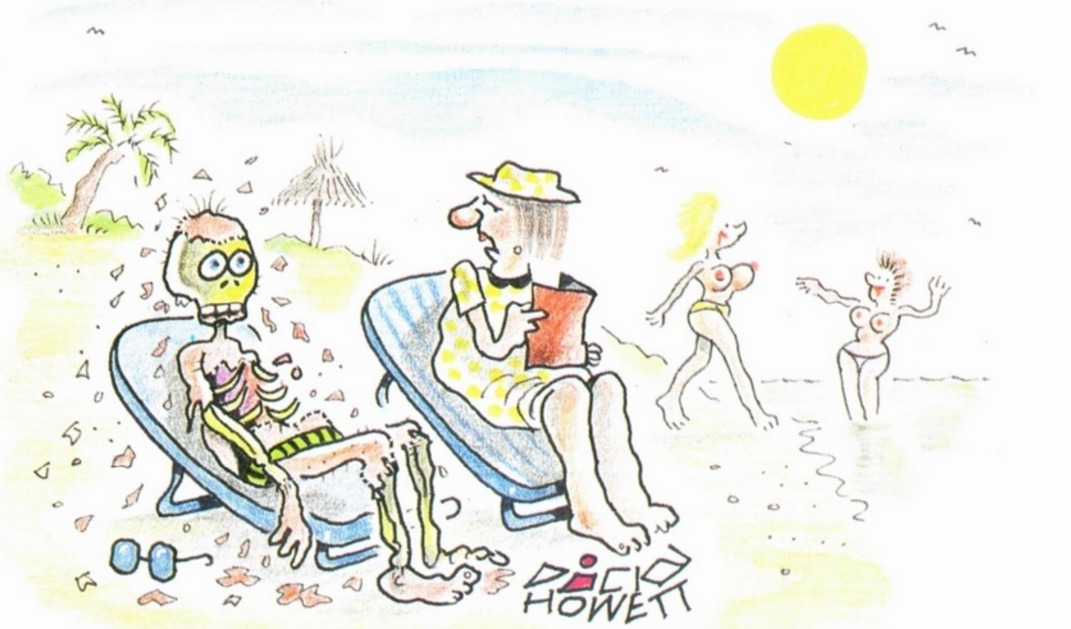

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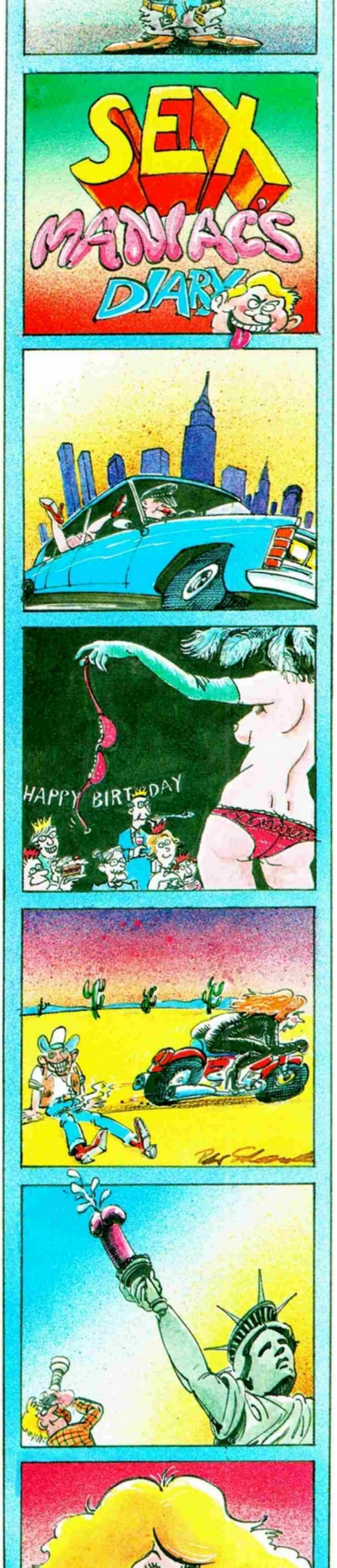


TUPPY OWENS is the creator, author and driving force behind "The Sex Maniac's Diary." A lot of research and travel goes into producing the diary. Month by month, Tuppy tells Knave readers what she gets up to in: THE SECRETS OF THE SEX MANIAC'S DIARY!

Not only do I celebrate my birthday every year on the 12th of November, but it's also Sex Maniac's Day. I usually throw a party and indulge in some private treats at home, but last year I decided to go to Berlin. It seemed a perfect place to be out at nightclubs 'till lunchtime then stay in bed 'till midnight. Sightseeing would be done by looking at the pictures in the guide books and dreaming about having sex with the tourists. I know you're going to be turned on by this tale, but before you get too excited and book your fare: it's really expensive to fly to Berlin — you can get to New York cheaper, but is New York more exciting?

Once ensconsed in my hotel, the Kempinksi, I must admit that I was monstrously slow about getting ready to go out, and I never succeeded in venturing out until 2.30a.m. and so it's only to be expected that I found some things closing down, and at times there weren't enough people out on the icy November streets to make you feel as if the town was jumping. In Berlin, people nightclub in flocks — one finds many places empty and the in place of the moment crammed.

I'll tell you about the sex clubs first, simply because they are the least interesting aspect of Berlin. Well, don't get confused with Hamburg and go to the Salambo, because the Salambo in Berlin is dismal — eight tatty girls strip in a shabby room in front of bored customers. There's a dirty rotating sofa in the centre which supports this cabaret, and tired old movies shrivel your libido until you remember there's another world outside. Ralph Eden is the big club owner in Berlin and his Big Sexyland on the Martin Lutherstrasse has a good show, soft but slick. The sex show is only simulated but the girls are pretty. I can recommend the King George too, but with less enthusiasm.

I was made welcome in the sex shops near the railway station, but I think they were slightly thrown by an English girl breezing through, searching through the rows of books for new trends or rare gems, and asking specific questions. I was hoping to find a copy of 'Anal Ladies', a truly amazing film about a middle aged lady who likes to get her fill. I found it too — just before boarding the train for East Berlin, so I had to slip back to the Hotel to leave my precious possession there, in case the border guards seized it and me, probably — the film might have given them Inspiration for the Truncheon Syndrome!

Before I get carried away with the tales of the East, I want to describe West Berlin, and fill you in on the social scene.

West Berlin is provocative. The shops have saucy window dressings and designs — you ought to see the logo for a normal straight shoe shop! People who live there seem to think of sex, expect sex and when you go out, they try to give you what you want. It's not like going out in England, in Berlin you feel free to do as you wish. There are zillions of tiny late-night music filled saucy dives. The people seem laid back because there's no hurry to drink up before closing time and there's no need to stay because there's always somewhere else to go. It's cheap and easy. In Britain you only get into clubs cheap if you go early, but in Berlin they lower the prices as the night rolls on. Everyone goes to Meadow on Wednesdays after 3a.m. when the entrance is free.

A nightclub only stays fashionable for about four months, then the hordes select a new place. Chez Conrad is the in-place right now (opposite Café Mohring in Adenauer Platz) and before that it was Café Gluckstein.

During the summer, everyone rushes off to the beach on the Havel, but the trees in the forest en route were dying of exhaust fumes, so the police have called a halt to the all night beach parties. The Metropole is a lurid dive which always attracts a group of weirdies to its disco and all-night bar where live bands play. They used to have a flea market where you could buy clothes by the kilo but that's now moved to a garage.

In the early evenings, people sit around in cafés, the New York Café in the Kudamn being the most popular. The most notorious club is the Cri du Chat, it was closed when I was there, and seems to spend most of its time closed after drug busts. If you're after freaky people, try the Rimas down the Yorkstrasse. Yorkstrasse was my favourite place. The centre of Berlin is ugly-modern, but Yorkstrasse is tumbledown, with railway arches and cosy old bars. Clips Café would have been good if there hadn't been rock videos to glue all eyes to the screen rather than to friends. Two central all-night discos are Dschungel and Linientreu.

Klaus Mehles
1055 BERLIN
Naugarder Straße 12

The most famous traditional pick-up nightclub in Berlin is the Café Keese, notorious for the fact that it has a telephone on every table so that you can phone someone up who's sitting at another table. I had always imagined it to be straight out of Isherwoodland, with gentlemen phoning ladies of doubtful repute across the smoke-filled, red-draped parlour. So it was enormously disappointing to find it a modern dance-hall with plain square tables and no sense of mystery at all. I doubt if this deters the gentlemen from chasing bumsen, and as one practical lady pointed out, the layout means that everyone can see everyone else clearly, so the selection of your pick-up is made as efficient as possible.

Surprisingly, the juicy part of my voyage took place not in West Berlin, but over the other side of the Iron Curtain, in the East section of the City. This was the last place I expected to find anything sexy, and I went there just to experience the romantic sight of gazing down the Auf Der Linder towards the Brandenberg Gate. But you get a nasty shock at the border when your friend is not allowed to go through with you because his passport has been through the washing machine and thus doesn't come up to the desired standards with the border guards, and you are there, on Communist soil, alone and afraid.

It was like being on another planet — wide open spaces and surreal buildings towering above you, extravagantly placed. All the guide books are written for the travelling American, and fail to tell you just how magical a place it is on the wrong side. You feel both safe yet terrified by the omnipotence of the guards and police. You feel relieved to be away from competition, greed and fashion.

I was the only girl in town in red boots, and school boys stared breathlessly. I felt it was essential to have a conversation with an East Berliner to see how it felt to live there, so I peeped inside bars and cafés, hoping to find a friendly hostelry. Crowds of boys drank beer in the beerhalls and pairs of women sipped coffee with their children in the coffee houses, neither of which attracted me in the slightest. It was only when I reached a tiny backstreet called the Munzstrasse and I spied the big wooden door of a bierstube called Alt Berlin that I found what I was looking for: all warmth and laughter. I was sucked into the company of some extremely jovial East Berliners, plus a delegate from the Indian embassy and an Italian opera singer. Different coloured schnapps and beers arrived every six or seven minutes. Everyone thought it was a great shame that my new video, 'Anal Ladies', was sitting back in my hotel room, since it would have been in great demand and fetched vast profits over here (not that many people have VCR's — they are still looking at 8mm. films on old projectors). I was asked if I'd like to go into the lavatory to look at some porno pictures (not safe to look at them except behind locked doors — it's prison for possession!) but I thought perhaps I didn't know these people well enough to go into the lavatory with them, but eventually I got a quick peek and discovered the porno was black and white photos taken of pages of old sex magazines.

After many more schnapps, I was whisked away to a smart restaurant, and over a delicious plate of various versions of steak tartare, I discovered that here I was behind the Iron curtain dining with a wife-swapper! As the stories were whispered across the table, I discovered that one of his past wives had fallen in love with the wife of the couple they used to swap with. He was a Communist swinger!

I suppose if you've been writing the Sex Maniac's Diary for ten years, you're going to develop a knack of finding hotspots in a city, but locating a swinger in East Berlin, within three hours of arriving, that shows the mark of a true professional lust-tracker, does it not?

Those of you who are familiar with travelling to East Berlin will know that visitors must leave by midnight. So when, after dinner, we were dilly dallying somewhat obscenely by a lakeside, and I noticed it was 11.50p.m., I'm afraid I had to do the unspeakable thing and ask him to hurry up.

There was a mad dash and after three quick stops on the subway I was at Checkpoint Charlie with my new found friend almost in tears: if I don't return he'll never see me again, because he cannot travel. Well, as luck would have it, for him anyway, I was back by his side within five minutes, because I was refused permission to exit at this part of the Wall, and we scurried through the empty (except for the tanks and police vehicles) streets to the railway station where I had arrived. More wails of "Come back tomorrow," as I disappeared into the stark border shed, to face the uniformed guards.

PUMPS
Schuhe aus Italien
Irina Palkovitz
Bleibtreustraße 42 · 1000 Berlin 12 · Tel. 883 81 81

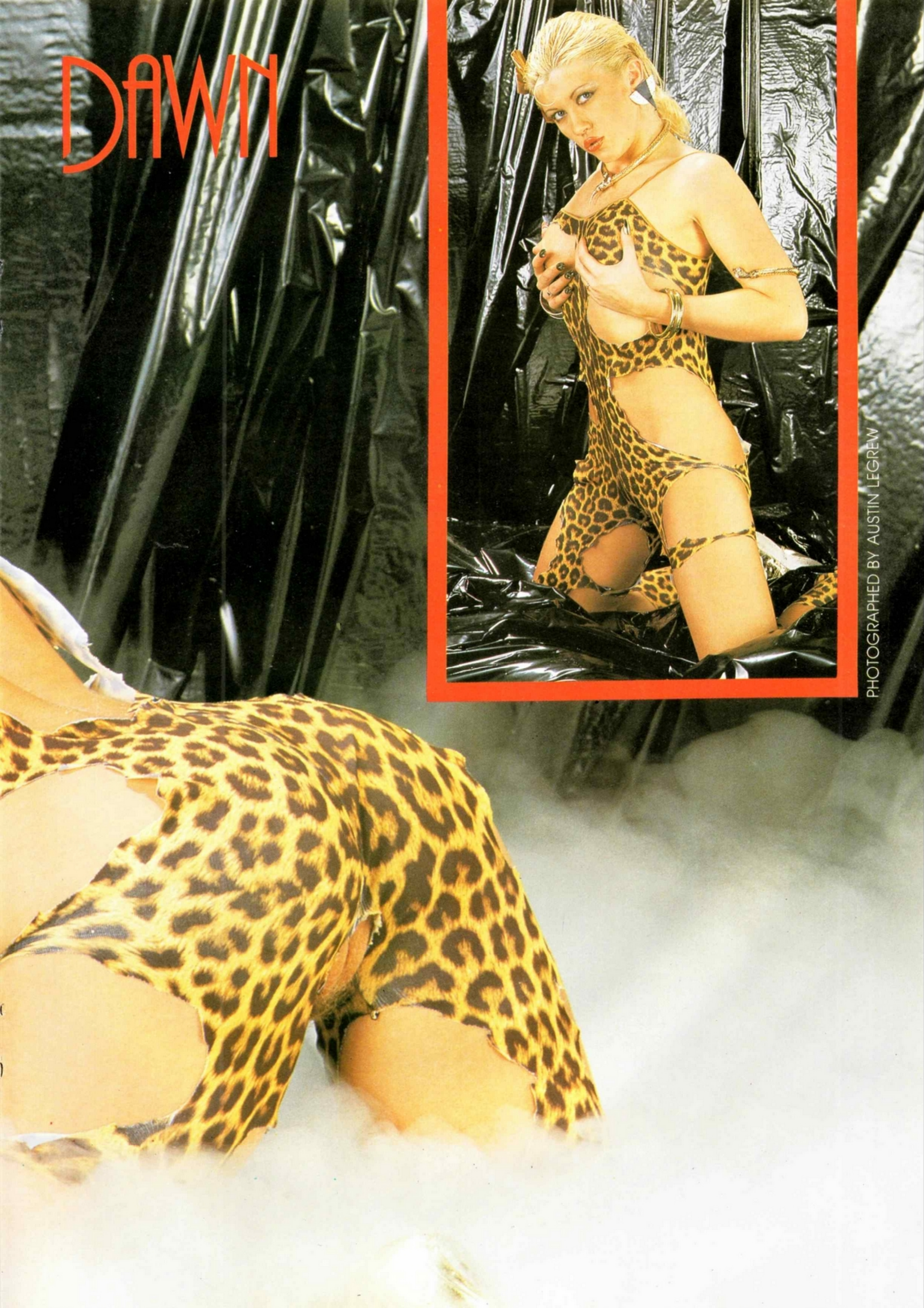
"Why are you so late and what have you been doing? We take your passport."

Well, naturally, I wasn't going to say I'd been doing research on wife-swapping for the Sex Maniac's Diary, nor that I'd been having lakeside dilly dallying, so I said I'd got lost. Grim faces came to look at me and went away again, but after 50 or so minutes I was safely on the train and back in the land of freedom.

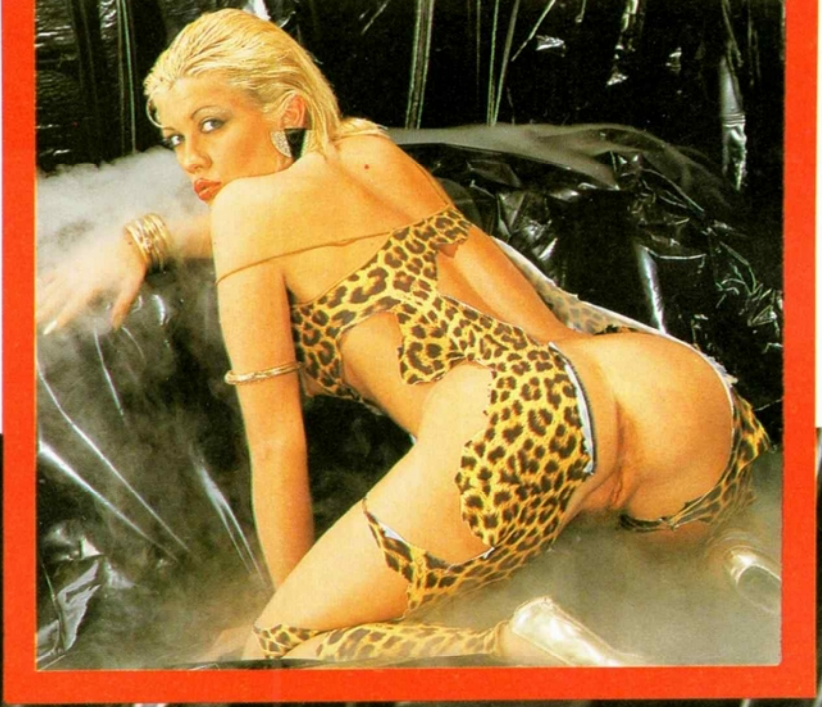
I couldn't help thinking how much more fun everything seemed when you weren't allowed to be having it. Nowhere in the West do you hear such laughter and get so excited before midnight.

Dawn has appeared in other mags – even Fiesta! But it's only appearing in Knave that brings out the best in her. The feline slinkiness, oh boy!
Eat your heart out Peter Bonetti, Dawn gets our vote as the goalkeeper with cat-like grace. Her handling and agility (I'm talking from experience here) have to be experienced to be believed.

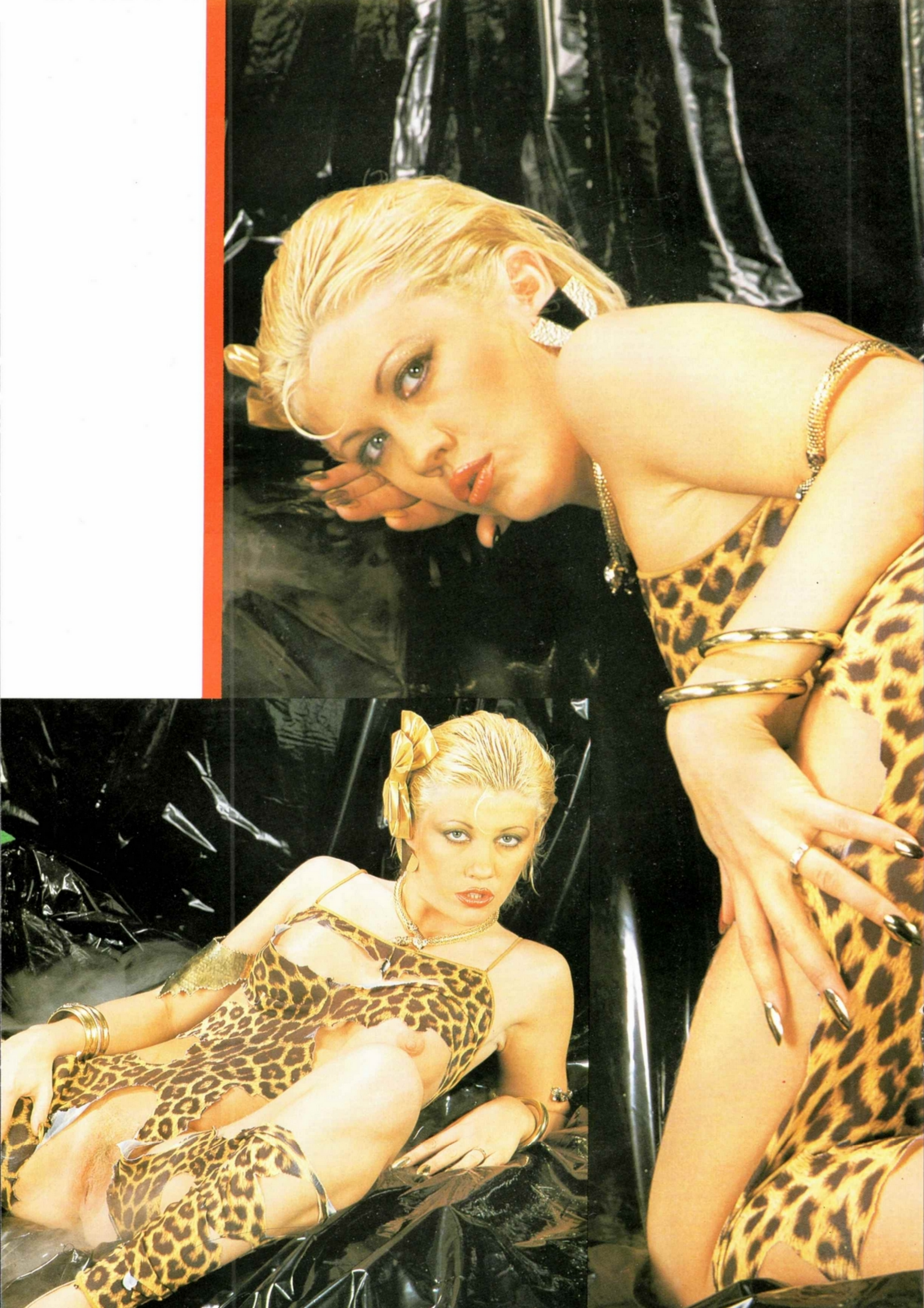
DAWN



PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW



So why the futuristic black set and dry-ice vapours? Fuck knows, but it was great fun sliding around it at lunch time – stark bollock naked except for a slippery covering of baby-oil. Dawn managed to stop me sliding out of the studio three times in a row by trapping me between her thighs – probably her best catch of the season!



DAWN
KNAVE

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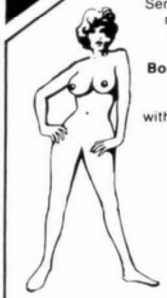

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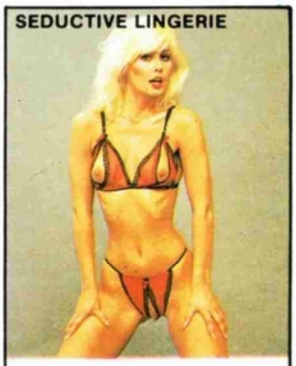

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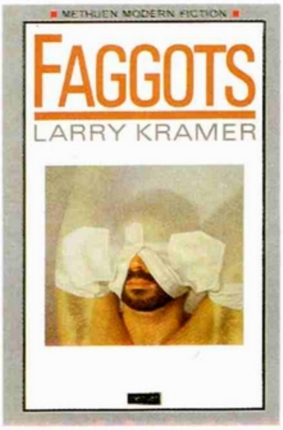
VIEWFINDER

Books

With *Howl's Moving Castle* (*Methuen, £7.95*) Diana Wynne Jones is on top form. Sophie is a young girl who finds herself seventy years old and housekeeping for Howl, a feckless, occasionally drunken, frequently lovesick young wizard with a Welsh alter-ego and a tendency to fill the house with green slime when he gets depressed. There's a fire demon, a scarecrow, an evil witch, and a great deal of confusion of identity. As with most of Diana Wynne Jones' fiction, it's far too good for kids. She is quite simply the best at what she does.

Faggots by Larry Kramer (*Methuen, £3.95*) and *Babycakes* by Armistead Maupin (*Corgi, £3.95*) are both gay novels, but they are worlds apart. *Faggots* chronicles the pre-AIDS New York Gay scene. It's a frenetic whirl through discos, orgies, bathhouses, and parties, a mess of sex and drugs, promiscuity and SM, fistfucking and moustaches, men chasing men, fucking men, sucking men. I didn't find it funny, and I doubt that anyone who isn't gay could find it erotic. It's excessive and incestuous, and I finished it because I felt obligated to. "There are 2,556,596 faggots in the New York City area." it begins. *Babycakes* gives no figures, after all, San Francisco is so predominantly gay that figures would mean nothing. But it's post-AIDS, and the tone has changed from Maupin's earlier Tales of the City. This time I can endorse the blurb: it's genuinely funny. The action takes us from San Francisco to Notting Hill Gate, while the twin stories — that of Michael, trying to get over the death of his long time lover and put his life back together again, and Mary Ann, whose husband, Brian, wants to have a baby, and how everybody up to and including her majesty the Queen are dragged into their convoluted tale is genuinely heartwarming. I'm a sucker for something that makes me laugh and feel good. *Babycakes* did, *Faggots* didn't even come near.



Witchwater Country (*Bodley Head, £9.95*) is Garry Kilworth country. On the edge of the Essex saltmarshes Titch and his three friends inhabit a world full of fantasy and superstition; water witches lurk beneath pools; they play at Saxons and knights. Then Titch is forced to grow up, forced to understand the adult world around him. *Witchwater Country* is like a cross between *Cider with Rosie* and *Lord of the Flies*. It's heavy, haunting and atmospheric. The hero's grandfather tells lying stories about how he lost his leg, his elder brother is a bad lot, his best friend is dead. There's a crazed tramp hunting the marshes for the body of a dead airwoman, while one by one Titch loses the things he thought he could rely on, coming face to face with the real world. Garry Kilworth is a remarkable writer, and this is his best book.

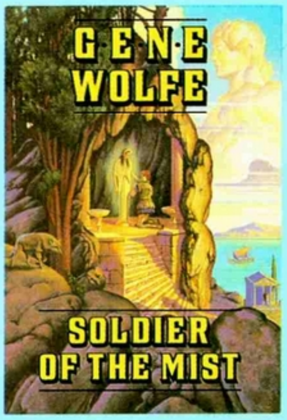
Oriental Tales (*Black Swan, £2.95*) is a slim volume of short stories by Marguerite Yourcener. It contains one perfect short story ('How Wang Fo was Saved') a few good short stories and a few naff ones. But 'How Wang Fo was Saved' is perfect. If I had to take a short story with me to a desert island, it's the story I'd take.

Enough of this great literature stuff. Let us look at *Dead Man's Handle* (*Pan, £2.50*) by Peter O'Donnell. The latest adventure of Willie Garvin's Princess — Modes-

Book Of The Month

Gene Wolfe wrote the single best science fiction book of the last decade, the four volume *Book of the New Sun*. With ***Soldier of the Mist*** (*Gollancz, £10.95*) he begins the story of Latro in 479 BC, in Greece, when gods still walked the Earth.

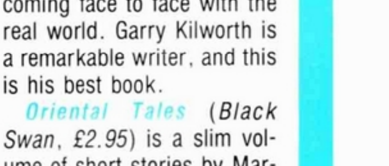
Latro has sustained an injury in battle. The injury has destroyed his memory, which lasts no longer than eight hours. The book, chapter by chapter, is his message to himself, telling him (and thus, the reader) what happens from the moment he awakes, unable to remember but able to see the gods.



Strange things happen in this book. It's like a hallucinatory Mary Renault novel: the Greek names for places are translated while our hero is unable to distinguish gods from men (save that other men cannot see the gods) or remember even his closest friends.

Whether the series of books of which *Soldier of the Mist* is the first will carve their niche in literary history in the same way that *The Shadow of the Torturer* and it's succeeding volumes did, I do not know. It's not as satisfactory: it's elusive and strange, and its full significance will not become clear until the final page of the final volume.

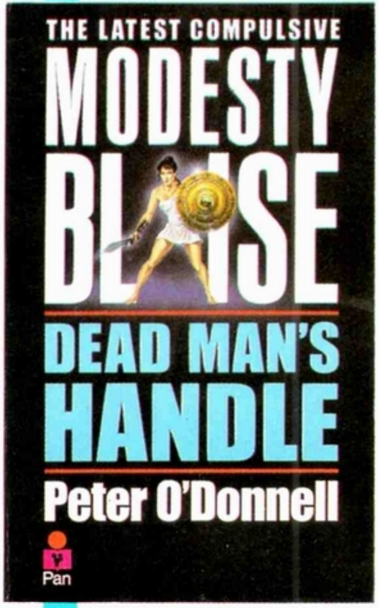
W.C. Gull



VIEWFINDER

Books

ty Blaise. To describe the Modesty Blaise series as formula fiction is doing them a disservice: this time the villain is Dr Thaddeus Pilgrim, sadist and all-round bad guy he's the one who kidnaps Willie and has him brainwashed into believing that Modesty is the evil murderess of Modesty Blaise. Needless to say, Blaise and Garvin zoom through the book with their usual pace and ultra-competence.



However, the book does seem a trifle thin, and the villains, Sybil and Kazim, are not a patch on great Modesty villains of the past, like the crazed siamese twins in Sabre Tooth, for example. If I were Peter O'Donnell I'd write a huge Modesty novel, wrap up all the loose ends, bring back all the old characters, throw in the weirdest stuff from the comic strip, and let her go out in a blaze of glory. After all, she must be getting old . . .

Not much much to say about **The New Astrology** by Suzanne White (*Macmillan, £10.95*). It's a mix of western astrology (Libra, Cancer, Pisces and co.) with eastern astrology (cows, pigs, horses and so on). I tried it out on various people of my acquaintance and it didn't seem to hit a very high batting average in terms of character description.

Oh, I'm a Scorpio Rat, if the editor feels like making any witty remarks. *(Sorry. I can't seem to think of anything! — Ed.).*

Girls on Top (*Grafton, £4.95*) is the funniest of the Xmas cash-in comedy books. (As a quick rundown, since it's now too late to matter, *How to Be A Complete Bastard* and *The Utterly Utterly Merry Comic Relief Book* are both sporadically funny, *The Radioactive Times* is very funny and the *Smith and Jones Coffee Table Book* is the single most unfunny book I've ever read.)

Finally, the book that does for D.H. Lawrence what Jack the Ripper did for Gladstone Bags and stovepipe hats . . . **Lady Chatterley's Lover** (*Knockabout, £4.95*). As interpreted, aided, abetted, illustrated, jazzed up, made funny by, mined, cultivated, furrowed and firked by our very own Man of a Thousand Bits, Hunt Emerson! It's available from all good bookshops right now, and you should go out and buy a couple of copies. One for you, one for the servants. You can never be too careful

W.C. Gull

NOT FOR SALE TO WIVES AND SERVANTS
LADY CHATTERLEY'S
LOVER!
HUNT EMERSON & D.H. LAWRENCE
CRACK

Movies

There is no conceivable way that Kathleen Turner looks like a middle-aged woman at the crossroads of her life, but you fantasize — which is pretty much what **Peggy Sue Got Married** is: a fantasy, whipped-up and a bit wise, by (surprise!) Francis Ford Coppola.

It also seems a female rip-off of *Back to the Future*: however, the film went into production around the same time. (Originally it was to star Debra Winger, of *Officer and a Gentleman* fame.) Certainly *Peggy Sue* has more emphasis on personality, less on pyrotechnics. Less socko, more subtlety.

Peggy Sue, a soon-to-be-divorced mother, encounters more than old friends at her 25th high-school reunion. (Yes some people do go to those sticky things.) As she is chosen queen of the evening, the constipated-expressioned woman is overcome by the contrast of the good memories, the excitement, and the fear of her own future without ''Crazy Charlie the appliance king'' husband, and she faints, banging her head.

She awakens to 1960, a 17 year old high school senior with 40 year old savvy. There are some nice moments when she encounters her now-young parents — and reacts by downing a glassful of her father's Scotch. ''What the hell,'' she mutters, ''I'm probably dead anyway.'' When her father grounds her, she reacts with the old teenager's defiance, but the hysteria of a grown woman with kids of her own. ''I'm going to Liverpool and discover the Beatles!'' she calls out, weaving upstairs. Mom and Dad, being of an earlier generation, are, respectively, submissive and domestically tyrannizing: Coppola sketches them like a cartoon sitcom. But never mind: issues get deeper as Peggy Sue takes advantage of her peculiar situation and tries to change her destiny — hers and Charlie's. 18 year old Charlie is a self-centred hotshot who still — to us, improbably — fascinates her by his goofy charm, aspirations to cool-ness and sheer neediness. She *knows* better, and his sleaziness repels her, but . . . but . . . and you've guessed the film's moral. Charlie works at getting everyone's interest — 'actor' Nicholas Cage doesn't. He's so unappealing, with his heavy-lidded, moronic expression — he

Movie Of The Month

When you put together two pros like Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas, you can be forgiven for entertaining big expectations. When the words "They don't make them like they used to" hit the soundtrack, you can assume the same holds true for their films, as well as for the kinds of heroes they portray in ***Tough Guys***. The two actors, fortunately, can salvage anything, even a somewhat skim-milk script; one can only hope the film isn't meant to be a tribute, as that usually indicates we won't see anything more — or better — with them.

Harry (Lancaster) and Archie (Douglas) were the last trainrobbers in America. They're out of jail, now, after 30 years, and ready in their still-snappy fedoras to take on Los Angelas, circa 1986. ("I want to try Chicken McNuggets!") There are enough problems with Coke-bottle lensed contract killer Eli Wallach and grudge-holding cop Charles Durning hoping to either blow them away or put them away. They can even handle a world full of old flames, new flames, aerobic fanatics, gay bars and slam-dancing discos. What they finally rebel against is a society which clearly has no room, no time and no inclination for the ex-con or the ex-young. We cheer at their feisty disregard for disrespect, but there's a creeping acidity waking us up to a situation we uncomfortably recognize — and we don't like what we see any more than they do.

Archie and Harry have had it . . . with being told by a muscled minder at a retirement home that infantile messes must be eaten; that sexuality doesn't exist for them anymore ("How come when you make love you're a stud, but when I do I'm a disruptive influence?" asks Harry of his squeaky-clean and well-meaning probation officer.); that the only jobs left are degrading ones. It's back to the life (and reputation) they know and love: larceny. Target, with the true Hollywood style of coincidence: the Gold Coast Flyer, which is to be retired after years of rail service. The rest of the old gang have disappeared, either mentally or physically, so it's Archie and Harry against the whole world.

The climax of the robbery is surprisingly wan, and here lies the problem with *Tough Guys*: the pace loses its punch, and you might well find it creaks a hell of a lot louder than the joints in our heroes. Even colourful and dynamic actors can provide only so much — they need strong direction.

But it ceases to matter very much. There's a pervading dignity in their perverseness as well as their performance, and a rousing good humour that makes the *Tough Guys* — well, if semi-tough, a hell of a good time, with more than a streak of affection running throughout the whole thing . . .

Sarah-Jane Lee

looks like a mafia-version of Roger Daltrey's Tommy: slob-style. The credibility gaps: we can't stand him, and can't understand why she did — why she does. There's no doubt that she'll marry the worm, because otherwise her children would vanish off the face of her future.

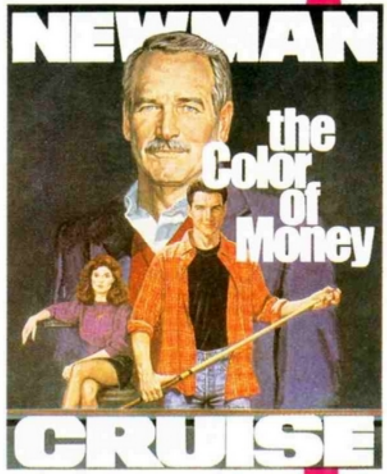
Should she change her destiny? Can she? The gimmick runs out of steam and the resolution staggers to the finish line. The issues and ideas, both fun and sentimental, that Coppola raises seem to be stuck in *his* past; they never make it to *our* present, at any rate.

But you still walk out of the movie with your rose-tinted 'what if's and there is something irresistible about it.

Referring to the 1961 film with Newman, *The Hustler*, director Scorsese said: "I thought there were more stories in that guy." He helped create another one, ***The Color of Money***, less from the original Walter Tevis novel the film had been based on, more from his own concept of what Eddie should now be.

And Fast Eddie hasn't changed much. He's still the glorification of the man who takes care of Number One . . . A liquor salesman, he never lost his expert eye and bristling antennae . . . which leads him to Vince (Tom Cruise), an arrogant young — and hot — pool shark with all the spunk and swagger Eddie needs to help mould him. He can also get back to the winning side of the game. Vince is Eddie years ago, but it's still only Eddie who has the facades, the moves, the instincts, the grace, the cover, the *need* — and he can teach it all.

Together with Vince's streetwise girl (a one-note character) they go on the road 'to learn the ropes', which will eventually lead them to the end of the Yellow Brick Road for pool-players: the nine-ball Tournament in Atlantic City.



But the mutual need that sizzles between the characters is never fully examined by Scorsese: you have to pull it out for yourself. You also have to assume the mutual admiration which finishes that kind of balance.

One crucial lesson Vince is taught is when to 'dump'; that is, purposely throw a game, no matter how humiliating. Lose now, win the higher stakes later. The game isn't about pride, Eddie shows him, it's strictly money. You win too soon,

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Movies

and nobody comes near . . .

Through the movie, your initial interest in Vince has steadily been waning. His arrogance is given precedence over any other facet of his personality, and there's nothing left to watch. It's as if the screenwriter lost interest in him. The film becomes Newman's (not that it ever wasn't, for more than a batting of an eyelid), as he readies himself to get to Atlantic City, not as mentor, but as adversary. What should have been a climatic and crucial build-up, the return of Fast Eddie, the Getting of Spirit, is reduced to the Getting of Glasses. But make it to the tournament he does, and he faces Vince . . .

The finish? See the film!

Scorsese's usual theme of deliverance by humiliation continues with *The Color of Money*, but the tautness, the balance is gone. So's his characterization. However, the editing's fast, the camerawork keeps pace. The story's still good. And, fortunately, Newman has a chemistry with his audience, never mind the co-star. Cruise has learned the moves, but he hasn't learned that.

Sarah-Jane Lee

The thirtieth London Film Festival hits the South Bank. As usual it is hard to praise the LFF highly enough; it shows a magnificent bundle of films from all over the world, films of all shapes and genres, from documentaries to thrillers, childrens' films to erotica.

Lily Tomlin, for example, is a documentary. It's currently under legal action in the US — Ms Tomlin claims it reveals too much of her stage act. Maybe it does. It's the story of her one woman show, The Search for Intelligent Life on Earth, as it evolves from hesitant work in progress out in the boondocks through to a major Broadway production. You see her honing the material down; you also see clips from Lily Tomlin shows on US TV that have never been shown over here before; you also get, in the person of Lily's overweight pink-haired road manager, one of the most obnoxious screen characters I've ever seen. It's revealing and educational, but most of all it's a hilariously funny film. It may be shown on Channel 4 at some point.

Coast to Coast is a BBC-made movie, but judging by the preview I saw they'd be wise to release it in the box office. It's a road movie, a rock and rolling comedy thriller starring Lenny Henry as a Liverpool lad who runs a mobile disco (in an ice cream truck) along with a mysterious American (with the collection of R & B records that makes this possible,) played by John Shea. And everything's hunky dory until they get mixed up with a counterfeiting ring from London who want them dead and some hot plates back. So with the mob on their trail, and the police not too far behind, Lenny and John hit the open road, travelling Coast to Coast. That's Liverpool to Essex, actually. I loved everything about the movie. It's not just funny, and thrilling, and fun, but it also has the best soundtrack of the last five years. Check it out.

The Magic Toyshop sounds like a Kiddies film. Right? If you know that the script was written by Angela Carter, from her own novel, then you know you're wrong. As with the first of Ms Carter's films, *Company of Wolves*, it's about a girl on the threshhold of adulthood coming to terms with her sexuality, a strange, magical, threatening and adult world. When Melanie's parents are killed in a plane crash she is sent to stay with her mysterious Uncle Philip. He is a toymaker, and his dingy London house is inhabited by strange toys and puppets, and equally as strange people: his silent wife, and her odd brothers. Dream and reality intertwine and tangle like the strings of one of sinister Uncle Philip's unpleasant puppets. It is a visual treat, however I kept waiting for slightly more resolution or explanation than we were given, and walked out of the cinema unsatisfied by a film I had enjoyed while it was on the screen. High on imagery, low on real ideas. (And, oh yes, it contains a certain amount of gratuitous female nudity.)

Neil Gaiman

Videos

I can't recall us ever having run a video competition in Knave and it seems about time. Those nice people at *Avatar* have kindly offered five copies of the 'ultimate melt movie' **Street Trash** along with some other bits and pieces, and you'll find the details of how to enter back on the *Caught in the Act* pages, care of my colleague W.F. Guttersnipe.

Street Trash is a video not to be taken too seriously. In all honesty it's about as gross as they come, and I can highly recommend it to anyone as depraved as the Knave editor as a fine slice of drivel to slip into the VCR on a Saturday night once you've got yourself well and truly stoned, whereupon you'll giggle yourself into a breathless state of hysteria.

The film is set amongst a Lower Manhattan tramps and winos community, most of them living in the delightful environment of a huge car-wrecker's yard where they are ruled mercilessly by an extremely disturbed Vietnam veteran by the name of Bronson — I kid you not. Bronson is a real charmer. He carries around a dagger made out of a human femur and is prone to imagine from time to time that he's back in Indo-china fighting it out with the men in the black pyjamas. Charlie versus Bronson. Maybe that's the joke.

Anyway, these street bums happily drink anything that doesn't contain too low an alcohol content or too much urine. Often as not they shoplift the stuff from the nearest off-licence, so when the booze store owner finds some gone-off 60-year-old liquor behind a false wall in the cellar, he puts the crate nearest the door. The winos steal the hooch and rapidly discover that it's gone off even more than the shopkeeper realized. One swig and the drinker begins to melt; multicoloured gunge spews from their mouths and runs out of their trouser legs, while their flesh takes on the texture of plasticine, then blancmange, then yoghurt. The first victim takes a mouthful while sitting on the bog, and he slowly drains down the U-bend leaving just his feet and ankles on the floor and one hand and wrist hanging from the chain. Another fails to melt — his guts gurgle and he just gets bigger and bigger until he explodes in a spray of intest-

Video
Of The Month

It's almost becoming embarrassing to name yet another *CBS/Fox* title as video choice of the month, but since the highly controversial **Nine½ Weeks** somehow slipped through the Knave cinema reviewers' net and since it's been one of the most talked about erotic films for years, I don't think I have much option.

Kim Basinger, who seems inevitably to be described as 'sultry', stars as Elizabeth, a gorgeous young divorcee buried in her work with a New York art dealer and running shy of the chaps from the arty side of life who are understandably slobbering after her. But her comfortably single existence is devastated by a mysterious young man who smiles lustfully at her in the Chinese deli and later dogs her footsteps through the local street market until he manages to occasion an outbreak of mutual sexual electricity between them.

Mister mystery is none other than Mickey Rourke of *Year of the Dragon* fame (seems to make a habit of controversial roles, what?) who plays John, an odd sort of bloke who wheels and deals in Wall Street, doesn't seem to have a surname, has a wardrobe which contains only multiple stocks of identical grey trousers and white shirts and can practise the art of seduction while simultaneously watching the stock prices on four video monitors (this is in his bedroom, you understand) and listening to Brian Eno's *Music for Airports*.

More importantly, from Elizabeth's point of view, he knows some tunes for the erogenous zones she'd never have thought up for herself, beginning with some ice cube antics while she's blindfolded and moving through a golden (or perhaps maple) syrup bath, bonking up amongst the mechanics of a clock tower, dressing her up as a moustachioed bloke and shagging under overflowing guttering during a rainstorm, having her perform a striptease through a Venetian blind, and so on.

The trouble with all this is that John only ever wants Elizabeth to act out *his* fantasies. What she might or might not want to do never seems to come into his thinking, and, furthermore, he has no interest in broadening out the relationship beyond matters sexual — he won't even accompany her to a party because he doesn't want to meet her friends.

Elizabeth realises eventually that she is perversely falling in love with a man who is still a stranger, and more significantly one she doesn't trust — something all the manuals will tell you is vital when you start messing around with blindfolds and stuff. Indeed, the next time the blinkers go on, the girl finds that she is being touched up by a cheap street hooker while John watches and smirks — which he does throughout the film — and this amongst other increasingly bizarre things brings the affair to a sterile end.

The controversy? On the surface, it's the usual gripe about sexism, but the plot is really a lot more unhealthy than just that. Behind the glossy filming, the superb use of music and the undoubted steamy eroticism lies a total moral vacuum. You don't care one jot about either of the characters, nor can you identify with their motivations in letting the situation degenerate to such a pointless conclusion.

In this sense *Nine½ Weeks* is ultimately rather a depressing film — a series of pop videos for smut lovers with another 45 minutes of movie merely designed to link them together. But if only for the fun and games with the refrigerator, the rumble in the rain and the striptease, it's a film all Knave readers must take out of the local video library and run through the machine at least once.

Martyn Lester

---

ines, human lava and spiralling limbs.

Also in the film are rape, murder, incest and a brilliant scene in which a tramp chases round after his dismembered prick while the others throw American football patterns with it. A couple of seconds of this and one other scene will certainly fail to pass the censor, but one hopes there will be enough remaining to retain the hilarious absurdity. If you're not over-squeamish, get smashed, watch the video and enter the competition.

On the subject of splatter, that's roughly what horror buffs might expect of a movie which bears on its credits the name of director Niko Mastorakis — he is, after all, a member of the 'elite' few still named in the Director of Public Prosecutions' so-called video nasties list for his *Island of Death*.

Well, **The Edge of Terror** (*Polygram*) is in the chiller mould right enough, but where *Island* goes too far over the top for the authorities this movie may well prove to have pulled its punches a little too much for viewers who really want a good scaring.

The film stars photogenic Meg Foster as Sian Anderson, a Hollywood thriller writer who slips away from her doting boyfriend (David McCallum) to a remote Greek fortress town to complete her latest novel. Her landlord Elias Appleby (a wonderfully eccentric Robert Morley) warns her as he hands over the villa not to go out at night as the freak local winds can be a killer.

The rest of the townsfolk are away spending the tour-

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Videos

ist income from the in-season, and apart from Sian the only person about is Appleby's weird American handyman Phil (Wings Hauser). When she goes out in the wind (it really is rough stuff) to see what funny Phil is up to she finds Appleby dead and three-quarters buried. There's another killer about apart from the wind. Well, of course it's the handyman. Hauser is blessed with such classic script lines as "I hate it when people say I'm insane," and "Why do people always make me kill them?" What makes things worse for the woman is that she doesn't know how to call the operator, let alone the police, and has to call LA direct to get her boyfriend to work on calling out the Greek fuzz; also that the villa is cursed with tunnels and secret entrances; and that she has a very poor memory and has instantly forgotten that there are hunting weapons in the wardrobe.

I won't give any more away except to say that loony Phil has a penchant for carrying a small scythe and that Steve Railsback (*Lifeforce*) also features in the plot. The photography and direction are masterful, the scenery stunning and the whole production slick and attractive. Worthwhile viewing, but unlikely to have you on the edge of anything more than your futon.

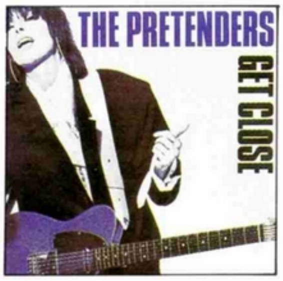
I rarely watch any television, believe it or not, so I have to rely on rumour that an edited version of the Comic Aid evening to raise money for famine victims has been shown on the box. What is certain is that you won't have seen anything like the unexpurgated version now in the shops as ***The Utterly Utterly Rude Comic Relief Video*** (*Virgin*) which features amongst others the *Young Ones* quartet (plus Cliff Richard), Rowan Atkinson, Ben Elton, Lenny Henry, *Spitting Image* And Kate Bush. There's some very funny stuff on it, it's cheap, the proceeds (obviously) go to charity, so if no-one bought it for you for Christmas, bloody well go out and buy it yourself.

Martyn Lester

Records

What can you say? It's vintage reggae. It's the stuff which makes you glad of re-releases. It's Bob Marley with ***Roots*** (*Blue Moon*).

Chrissie Hynde has one of those voices which seems to inspire instant sexist fantasies in otherwise sensitive souls. On ***Get Close*** (*WEA*) a new incarnation of The Pretenders is unleashed via a set of mostly so-so songs. It's competent dance music, but that's about all you can say for it. By degrees it's bouncy, raunchy even. But overwhelmingly the impression is one of marking time. Perhaps the band need longer together before they evolve a sense of direction. The best songs are those not penned by Hynde. For instance, "Hymn to Her" manages to be deep and thoughtful whilst remaining commercial. Jimi Hendrix's "Room Full Of Mirrors" has the distinction of being *the* outstanding track.



Robert Fripp has an excellent record out on *Editions EG* with the intriguing title: ***Robert Fripp And The League Of Crafty Guitarists***. King Crimson it isn't! And it's nothing like his collaborations with Bowie and Eno. This is instrumental guitar music with a difference. The difference being that the instrumentalists are seventeen students at one of Fripp's guitar seminars. It sounds potentially painful, but don't let it put you off. The production and standard of play is immaculate. Modern mood music at its best. If we didn't have so many good records this month, Fripp could well have ended up as our record of the month.

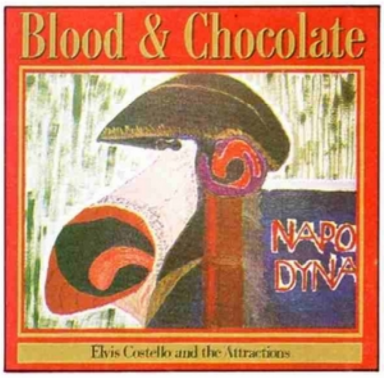
Another close contender for the record of the month spot is Iggy Pop with ***Blah-Blah-Blah*** on *A & M*. The title track co-written by Pop and Bowie is one of the best things I've heard for a long while.

On the rest of the album, Iggy's voice is wonderfully rich and expressive — set against driving rock rhythms and helped along by resident resurrector of ageing punks and odd-balls: David Bowie. Ex-Sex Pistol Steve Jones contributes some punchy guitar licks and shares in the songwriting credits. Good stomping stuff, forget any whingeing reviewers who bleat on about it really being another Bowie LP. Buy it and see.

Most people will remember ***Still Loving You*** (*Castaway*) as the Tom Robinson album with the crappy bandwagon anti-coke tirade "Nothing Like The Real Thing". And believe me that particular track is crass.

Don't look for any classic anthems like "Glad To Be Gay" because if you do you'll be disappointed. This record is firmly MOR. Having said that, there are some passable songs which are well played, but never convincing. "Spain" is a good example: you can't fault the musicianship or the technical side, but there's no guts.

Elvis Costello is back doing what he does best. ***Blood And Chocolate*** (*Imp*) was praised by the critics as much for its art-work as for its content. Odd that, as far as I can see the cover's the only naff thing about this record. The songs are thoughtful pieces delivered in his own inimitable style with impeccable backing from the Attractions.


Blood & Chocolate
NAPO
DYNA
Elvis Costello and the Attractions

Production, courtesy of Nick 'Basher' Lowe helps bind the album into a coherent whole. It isn't easy to pick out specific tracks for individual praise, but "Tokyo Storm Warning" and "Battered Old Bird" are both songs which, on their own, more than justify owning this album.

Come to that, the opening lines of "Tokyo Storm Warning" are reason enough to part with your cash: "The sky fell over cheap Korean monster-movie scenery/And spilled into the mezzanine of the crushed capsule hotel/Between the Disney abattoir and the chemical refinery/And I knew I was in trouble but I thought I was in hell." Right on.

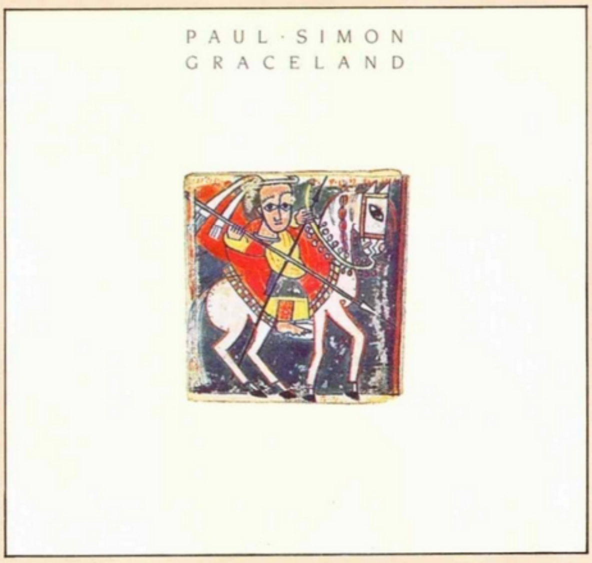
Fantasy time again with Kate Bush and ***The Whole Story*** (*EMI*) — a collection of twelve memorable moments tastefully crammed onto one record. They're all here from the first single "Wuthering Heights" (with a new vocal track) to her last single "Experiment IV".

It's almost a shame that

Record Of The Month

Paul Simon has to be a rich man. He can arguably retain his high critical reputation by producing formularized, efficient, unoriginal but still accomplished reworkings of the old Paul Simon formula. A majority of his North American musical contemporaries seem to follow that path quite lucratively.

But Paul Simon is different. Now, with his new album **Graceland** (*Warner Bros.*), he has produced, exuberantly and almost unexpectedly, what is surely his finest work.



In 1984 Simon discovered black South African music, and *Graceland* is the result of his journeys around the Republic working with the finest local ethnic musicians. There are some numbers that fit the stereotypes, more or less, of African music, such as "Homeless", with its skilfully mingled English and Zulu lyrics. But, elsewhere, there are absolute gems like "Crazy Love", a beautiful song that sounds like the very best American country music, but was actually recorded by a band from Soweto, starring a sublimely good guitarist name of Chikapa Phiri.

The single, "You Can Call Me Al", good as it is, is by no means the best track on *Graceland*. The title track is the star attraction on side one, it features, amongst a variety of Jo'burg guitar pickers and percussion men, a pedal steel guitarist from Nigeria! "Gumboots", the track which started this labour of love when Simon heard the original version by the splendid Boyoyo Boys Band, is another joyous musical treat, featuring some surging accordion playing.

To conclude, Simon sings with a couple of American bands whose music treads the same path as their South African brothers; Louisiana cajun group Good Rockin' Dopsie and The Twisters; and the relatively famous Los Lobos. Their complementary styles are the icing on the cake; but the real stars of *Graceland*, more so than Simon himself, are the previously unknown musicians of black South Africa.

Rupert Metcalf

KATE BUSH
THE WHOLE STORY

she's so attractive. Too many people treat her as just a lump of meat to drool over, and that isn't fair. Always interesting lyrically, often innovative on the musical front, this collection is a useful reminder of how intensely creative she is. Poetry is a term almost totally devalued when used to describe rock stars — well usually, anyway; but I think it's a pretty fair description of what Kate Bush achieves. Combining depth of feeling with commercial pop isn't the easiest of tasks, but it's one that she manages to pull off convincingly.

Andy Oldfield

Carl Perkins is a survivor of the classic American rock 'n' roll era. **The Man & The Legend** (*Magnum*) is a double album, recently recorded, featuring some of the old man's best known songs — plus a whole lotta songs performed better by his contemporaries. The only Perkins compositions here are, of course, "Blue Suede Shoes", plus "Honey Don't" and "Matchbox". As for the rest: three Chuck Berry songs aren't a patch on the originals by the master himself, and the same can be said for "Be Bop-A-Lula", Gene Vincent's classic. So, what we have here may be an enjoyable collection of rock 'n' roll songs — but value for money it isn't.

The Best Of Buddy Holly (*Pickwick*) is, however, value for money. It's just a single LP, but it crams in fourteen Buddy Holly classics. The simple, timeless appeal of "Peggy Sue", "That'll Be The Day", "Maybe Baby" and the rest ensure that his music will be forever popular. One cannot help, though, thinking that if Buddy had been around today he might have been living off past glories like Carl Perkins. Maybe, for the sake of his musical reputation, it was as well that we only had the briefest of glimpses of Buddy Holly's musical genius.

Finally — here's a weird one for you. The Enemy Within are an English blues band led by a mysterious singer known on the sleeve only as The Raven. His band includes, however, two of the finest blues guitarists ever; Mick Green, late of The Pirates; and, originally with Fleetwood Mac: Peter Green. Unfortunately the sleeve of their album **A Touch Of Sunburn** (*Red Lightnin'*) does not tell us who plays on which track, all of which are written or co-written by the sinister-looking Raven. Some of the songs are orthodox blues numbers, some deviate into the strange distorted musical territories visited by the likes of Captain Beefheart and Frank Zappa. Not exactly a chart contender — more like a collector's item.

Rupert Metcalf

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MODELS
AVAILABLE
FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC
WORK — WRITE FOR DETAILS

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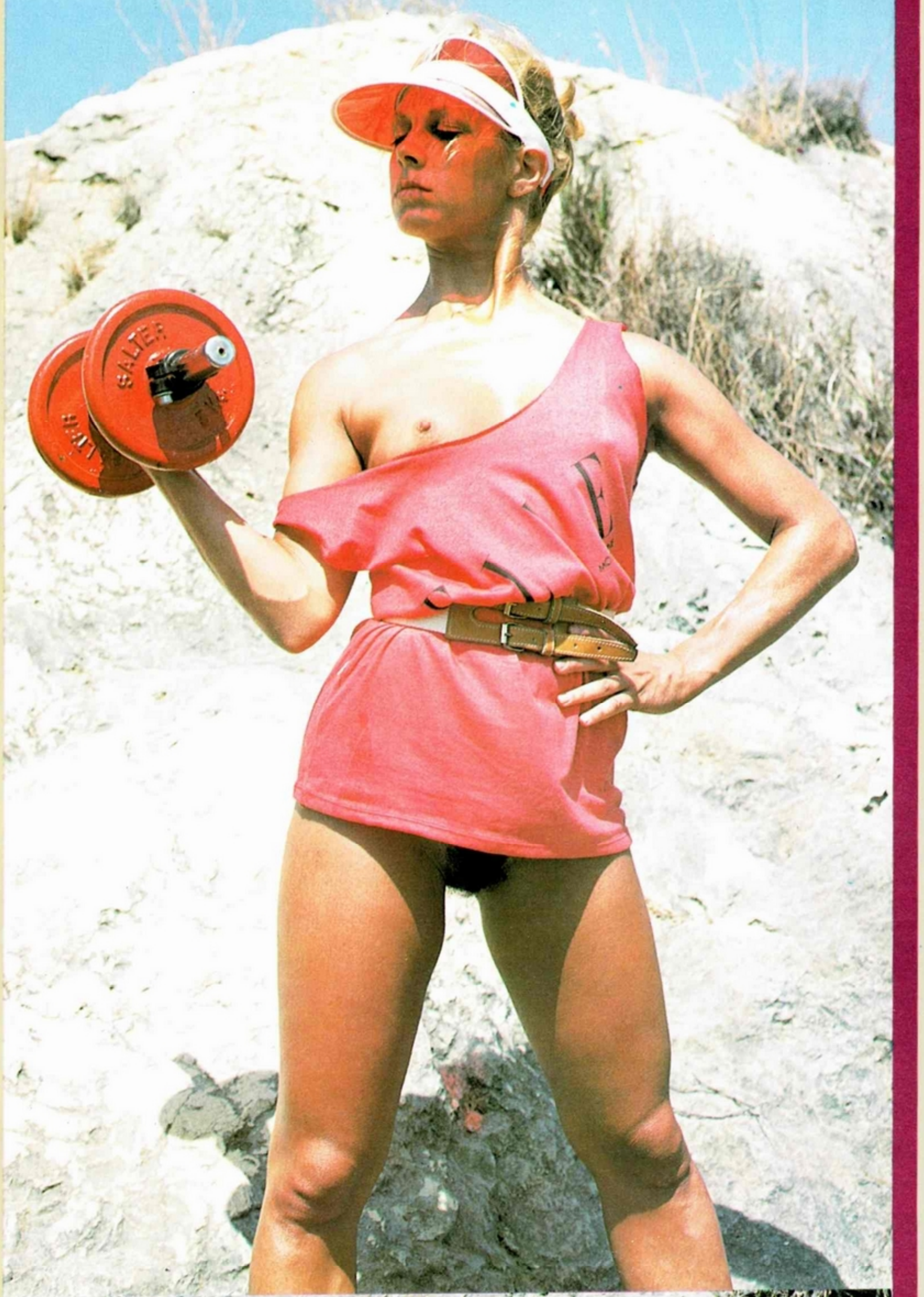
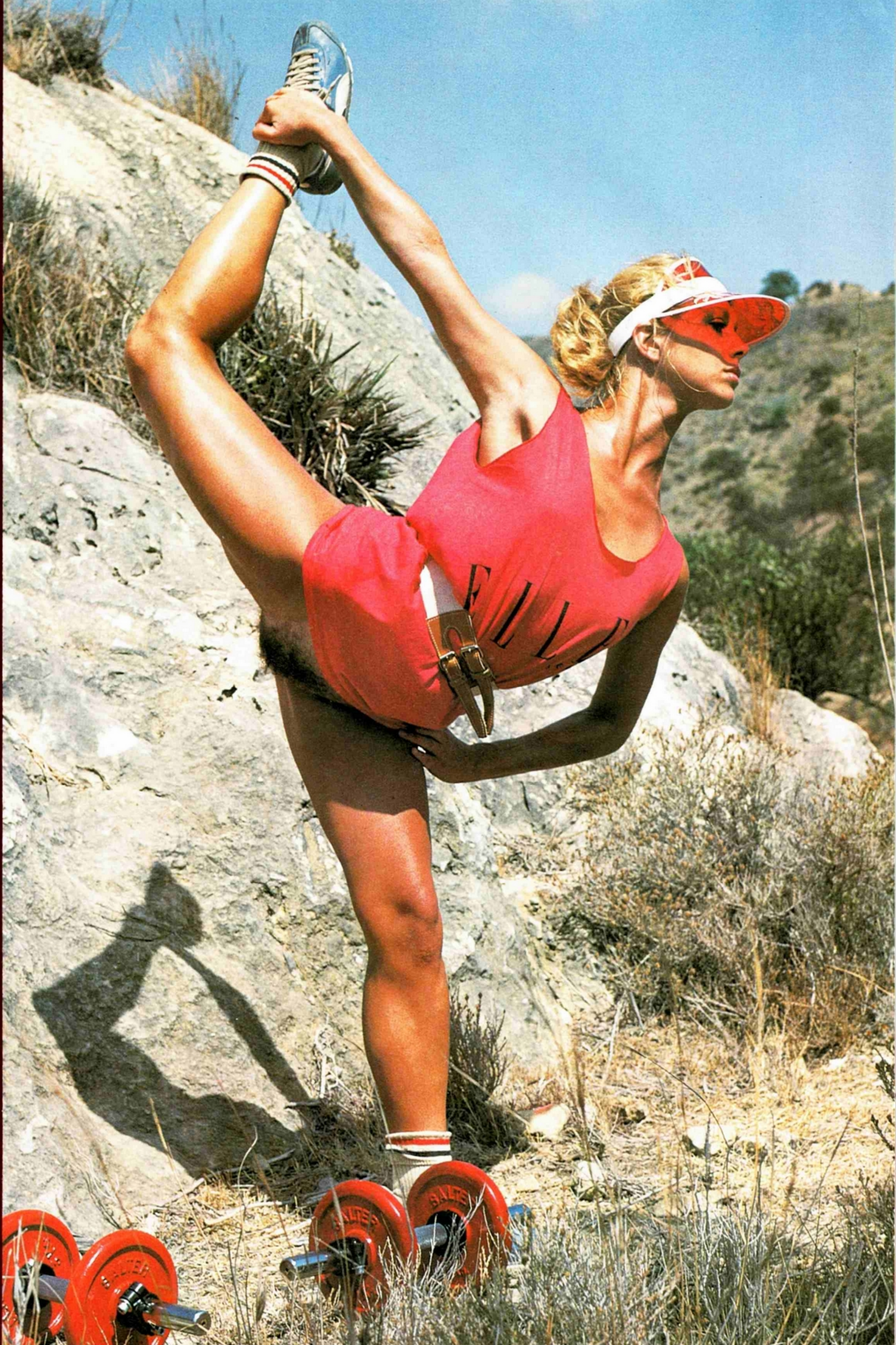


Perhaps the fittest of this month's models, weakness is not germane (a pun worthy of the legendary Guttersnipe, I should think) in discussions with or about Germaine. A solid full-back, Germaine is seen here limbering up on the beach at Musselburgh in readiness for a local derby in the East Lothian haggis humping and footy league.

Some of the photos we received were pretty bloody disgusting, but the art-room won't print them – they reckon that heavily muscled vaginas are not the sort of thing to turn a Knave reader on! Bastards. I know for a fact that the Assistant Art Editor took them home for his private collection, he's working on pervy new dimensions in pumping iron.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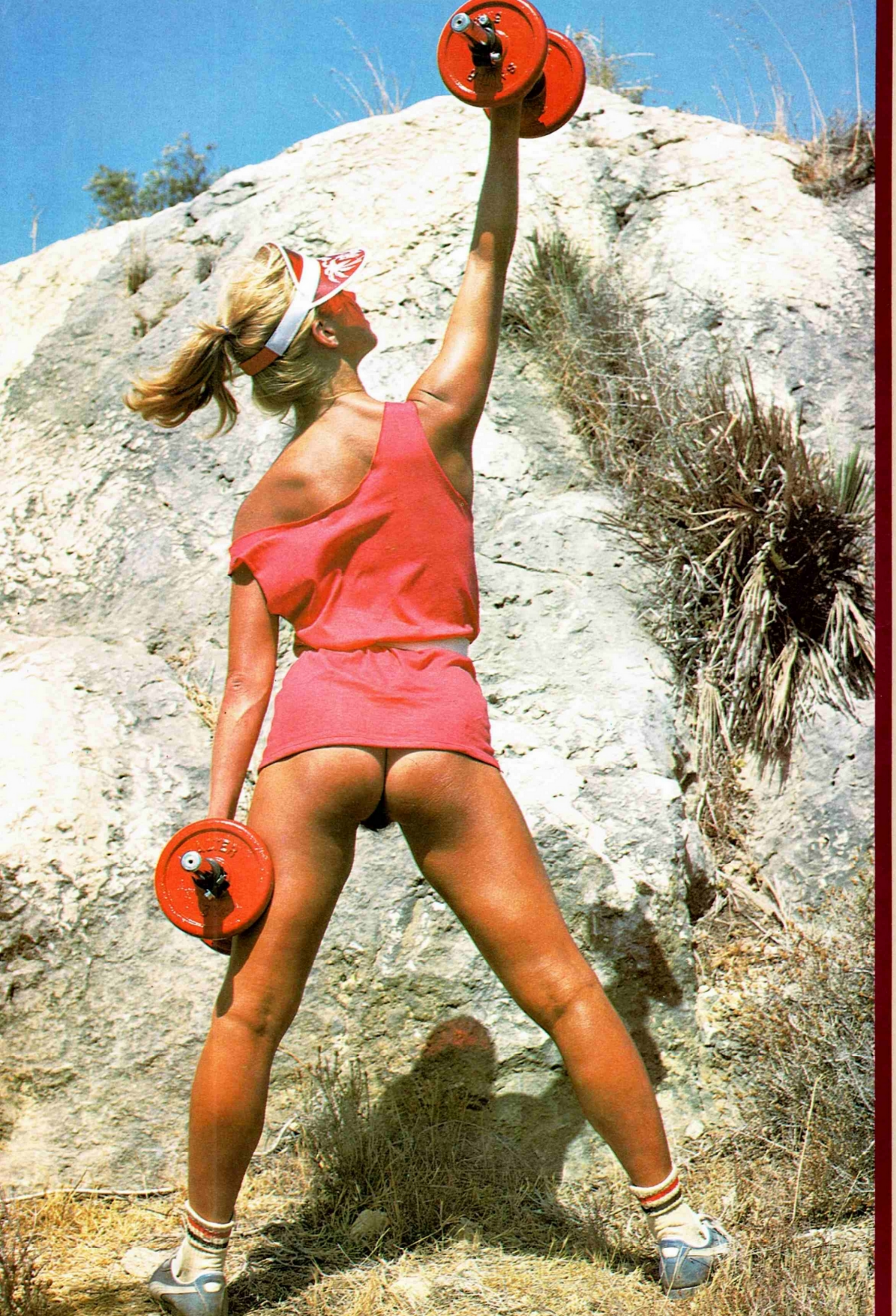
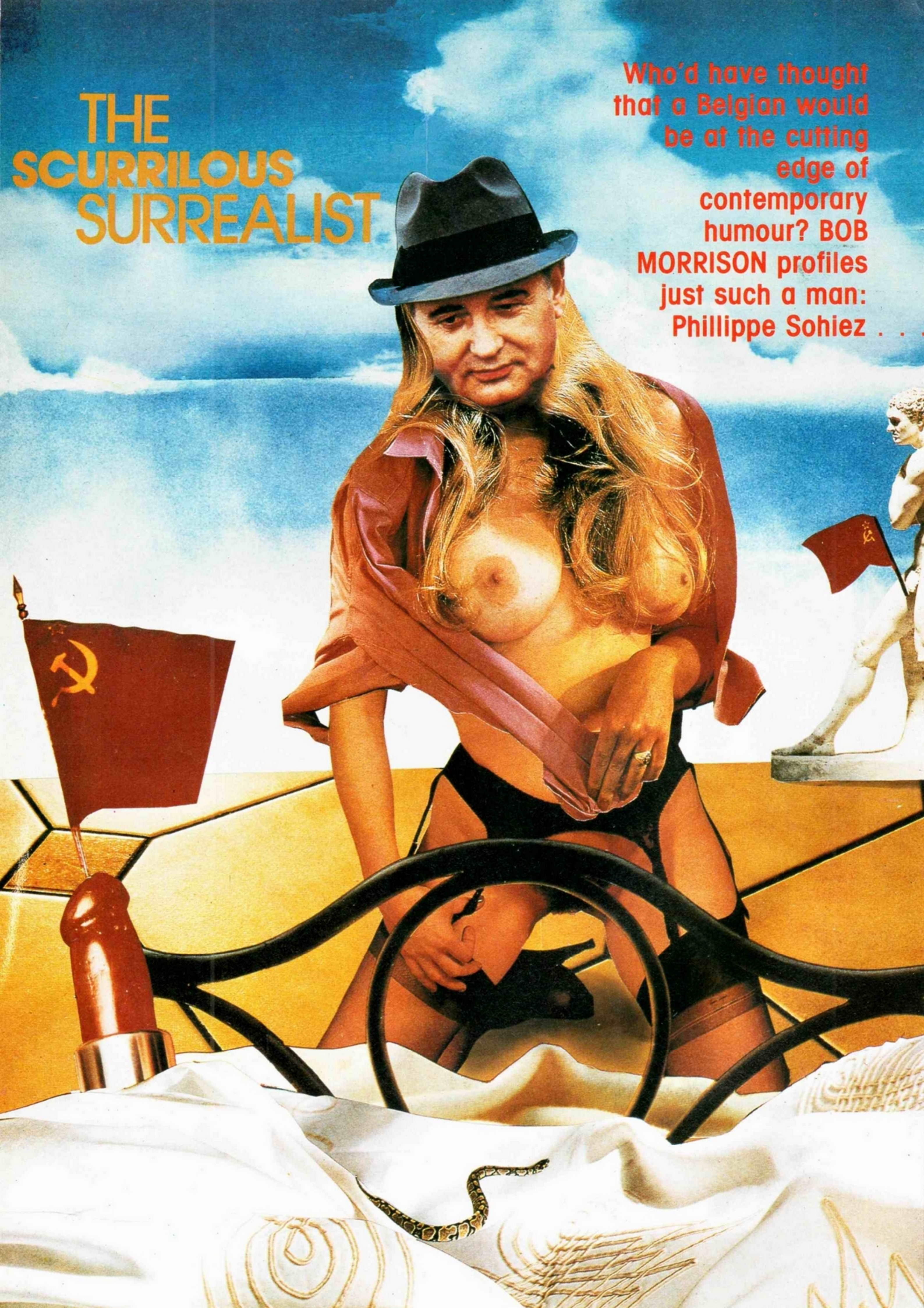


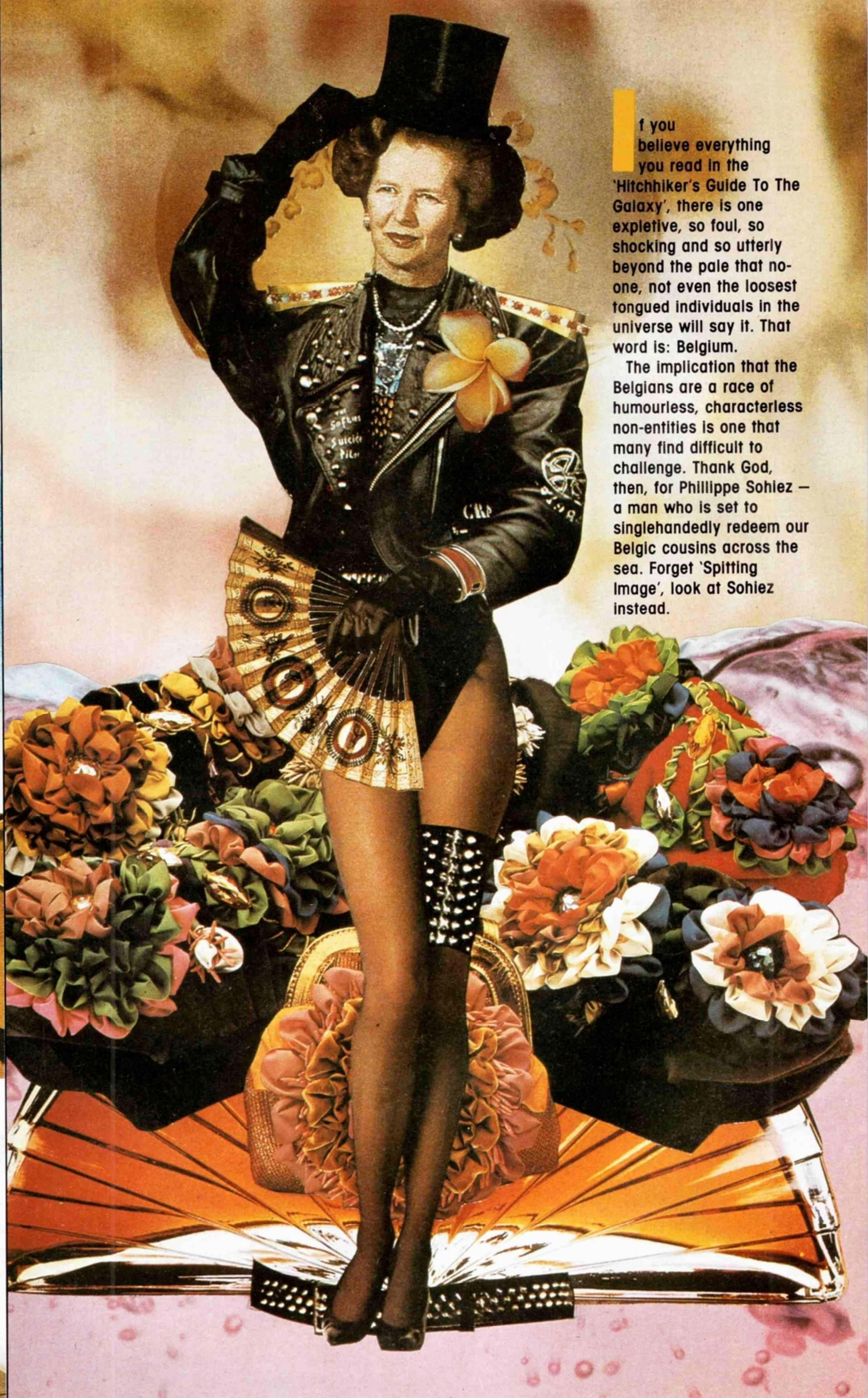
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEOFF HAYES

BEACH
SALTER



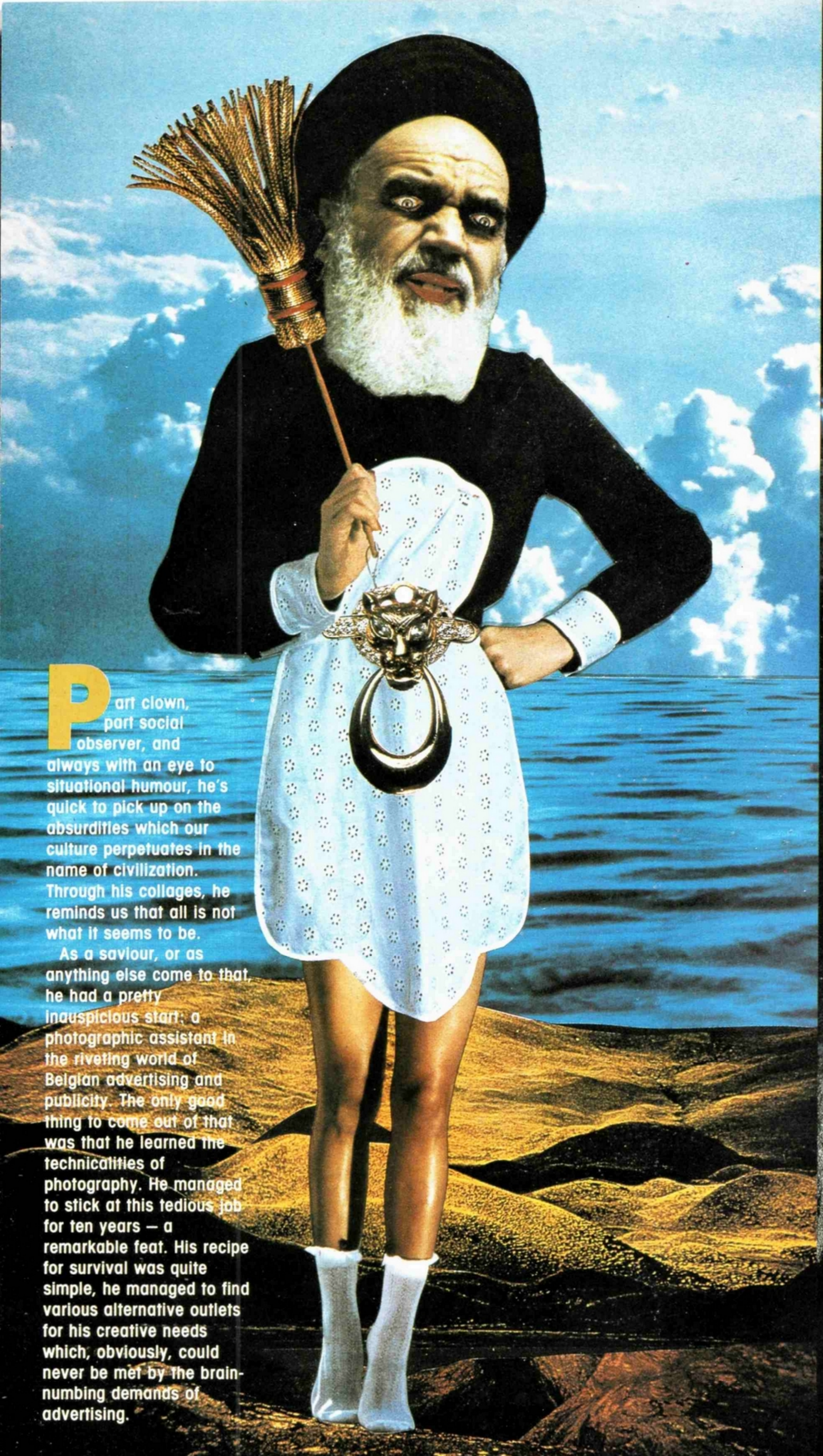
THE SCURRILOUS SURREALIST

Who'd have thought that a Belgian would be at the cutting edge of contemporary humour? **BOB MORRISON** profiles just such a man: Phillippe Sohiez . . .



If you believe everything you read in the 'Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy', there is one expletive, so foul, so shocking and so utterly beyond the pale that no-one, not even the loosest tongued individuals in the universe will say it. That word is: Belgium.

The implication that the Belgians are a race of humourless, characterless non-entities is one that many find difficult to challenge. Thank God, then, for Phillippe Sohiez — a man who is set to singlehandedly redeem our Belgic cousins across the sea. Forget 'Spitting Image', look at Sohiez instead.

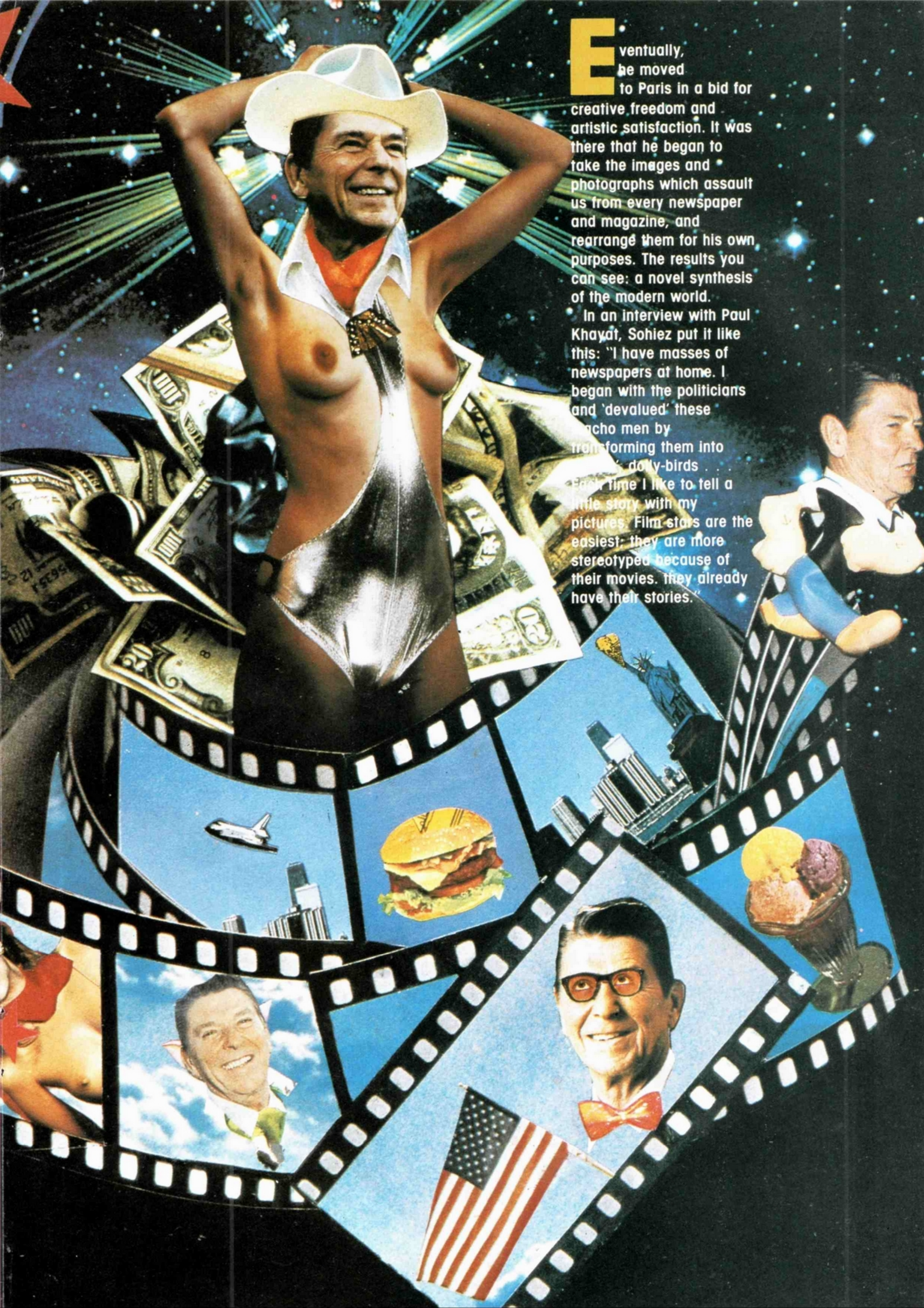


Part clown, part social observer, and always with an eye to situational humour, he's quick to pick up on the absurdities which our culture perpetuates in the name of civilization. Through his collages, he reminds us that all is not what it seems to be.

As a saviour, or as anything else come to that, he had a pretty inauspicious start: a photographic assistant in the riveting world of Belgian advertising and publicity. The only good thing to come out of that was that he learned the technicalities of photography. He managed to stick at this tedious job for ten years — a remarkable feat. His recipe for survival was quite simple, he managed to find various alternative outlets for his creative needs which, obviously, could never be met by the brain-numbing demands of advertising.

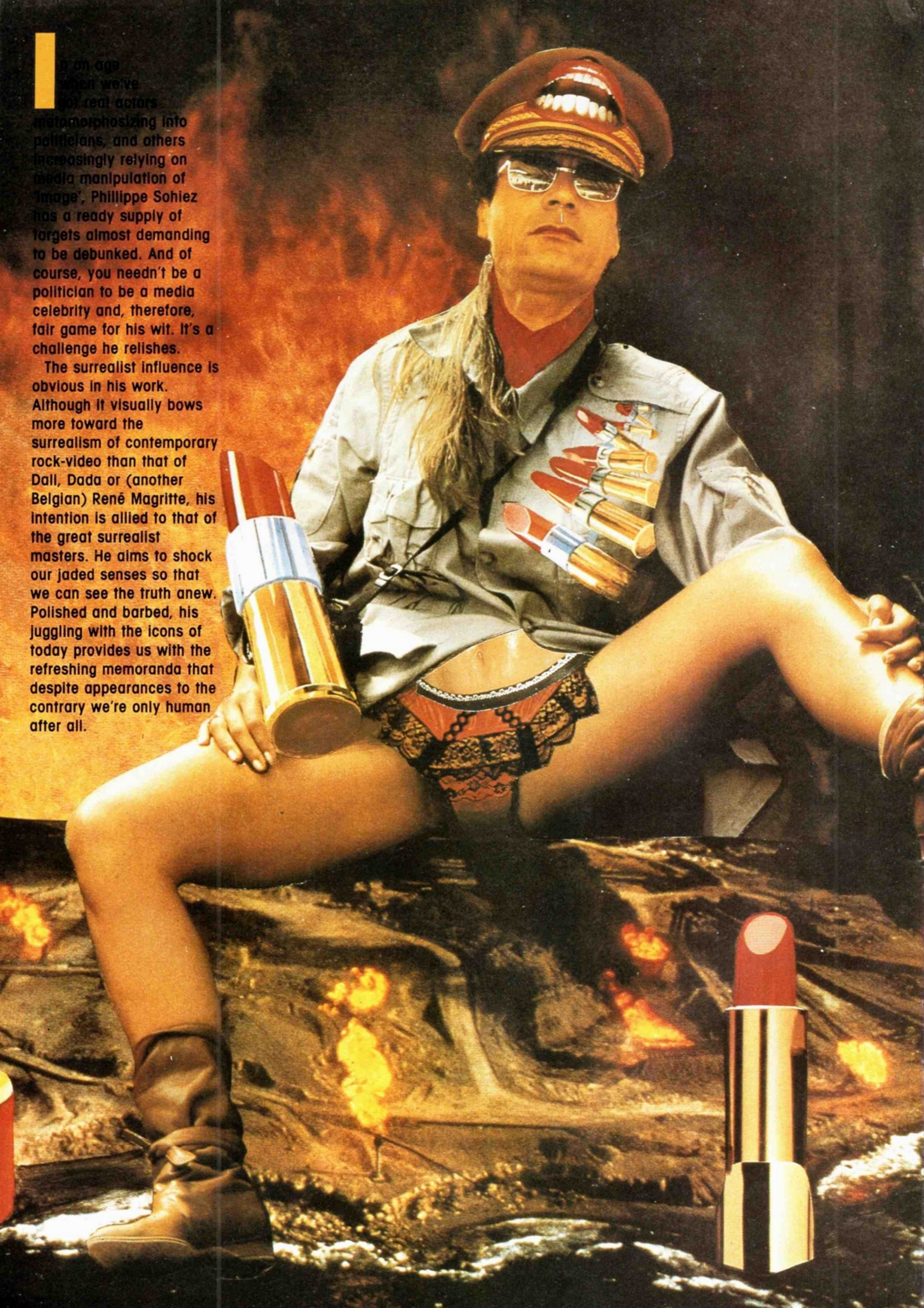
Eventually, he moved to Paris in a bid for creative freedom and artistic satisfaction. It was there that he began to take the images and photographs which assault us from every newspaper and magazine, and rearrange them for his own purposes. The results you can see: a novel synthesis of the modern world.

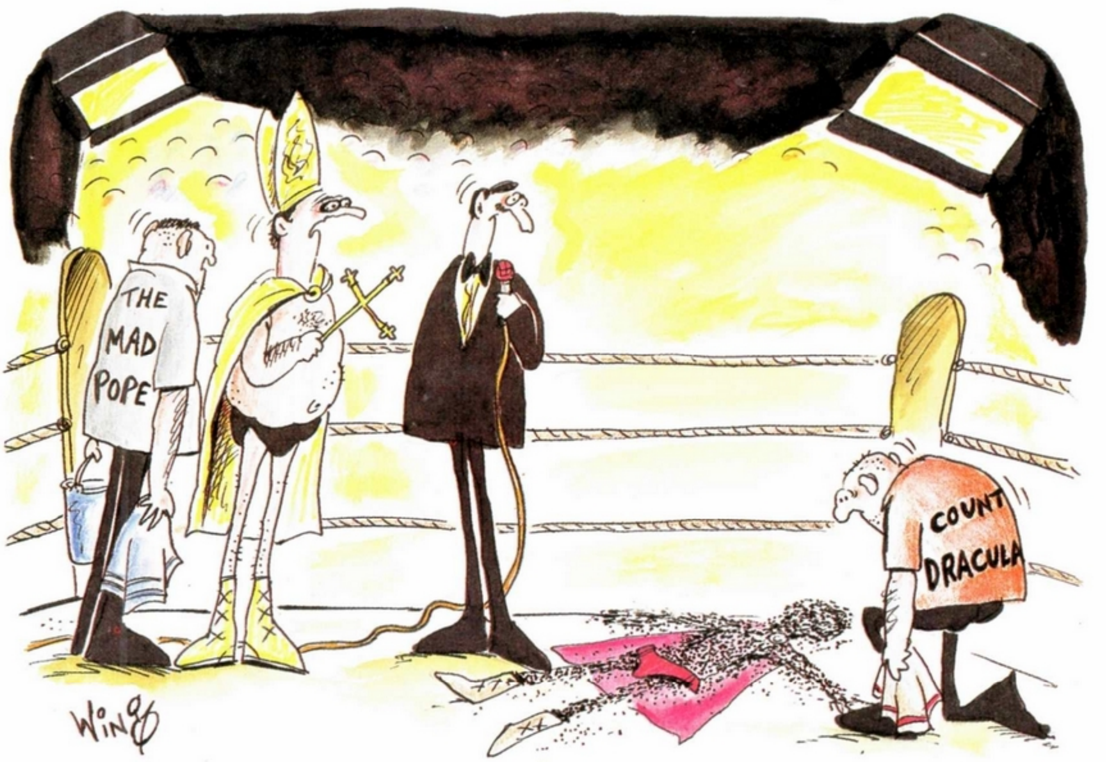
In an interview with Paul Khayat, Sohiez put it like this: "I have masses of newspapers at home. I began with the politicians and 'devalued' these macho men by transforming them into [illegible]' dolly-birds . . . Each time I like to tell a little story with my pictures. Film stars are the easiest; they are more stereotyped because of their movies. they already have their stories."



In an age when we've got real actors metamorphosizing into politicians, and others increasingly relying on media manipulation of 'image', Phillippe Sohiez has a ready supply of targets almost demanding to be debunked. And of course, you needn't be a politician to be a media celebrity and, therefore, fair game for his wit. It's a challenge he relishes.

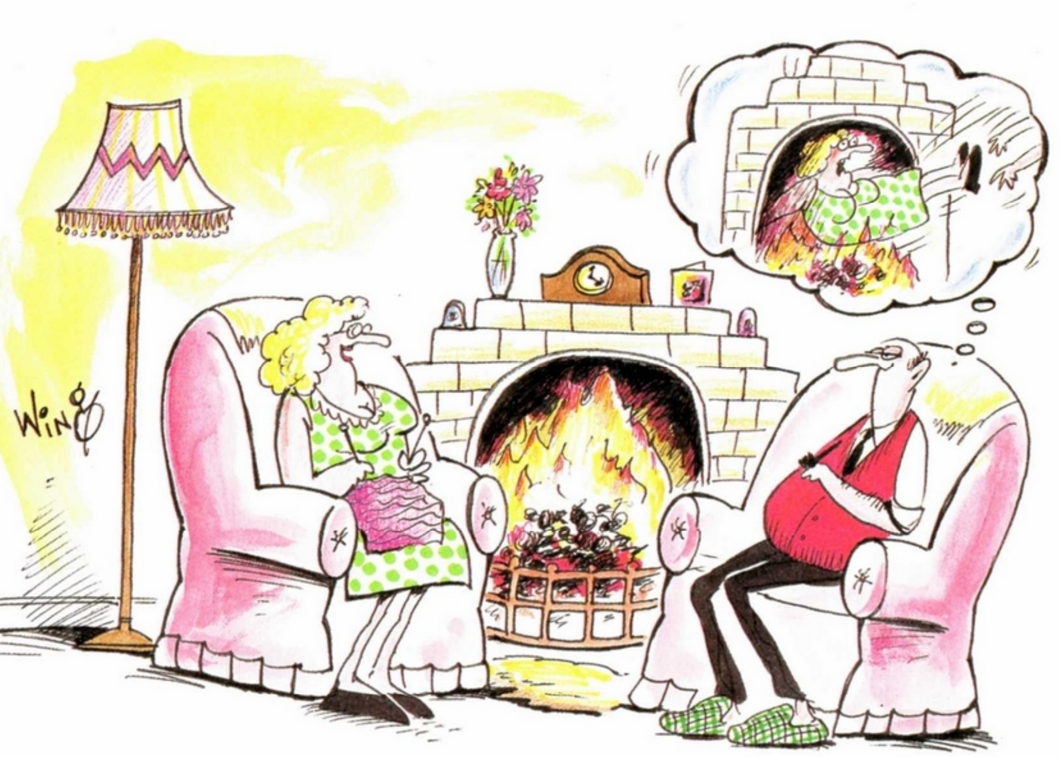
The surrealist influence is obvious in his work. Although it visually bows more toward the surrealism of contemporary rock-video than that of Dali, Dada or (another Belgian) René Magritte, his intention is allied to that of the great surrealist masters. He aims to shock our jaded senses so that we can see the truth anew. Polished and barbed, his juggling with the icons of today provides us with the refreshing memoranda that despite appearances to the contrary we're only human after all.



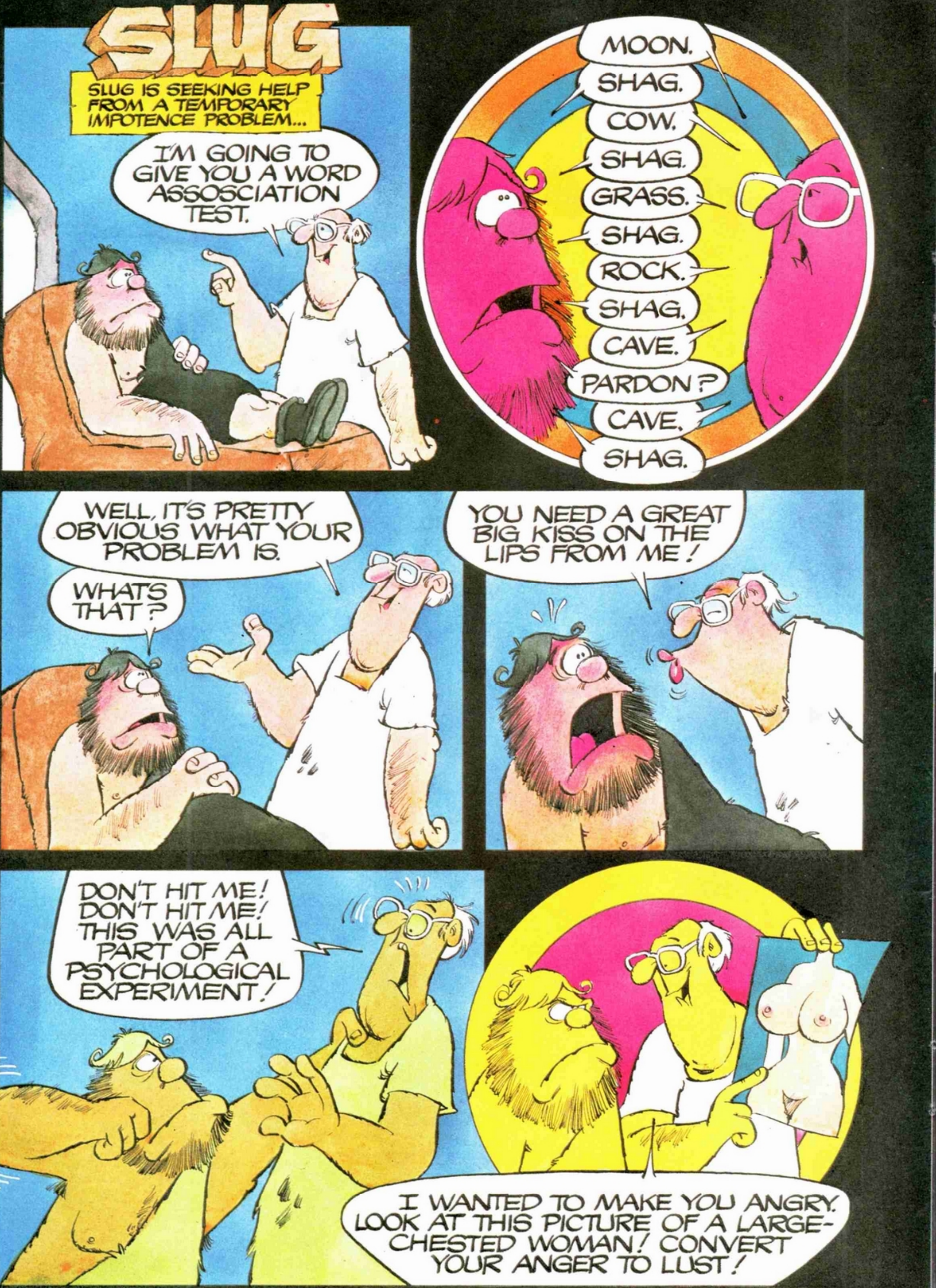

THE
MAD
POPE
COUNT
DRACULA
Wing

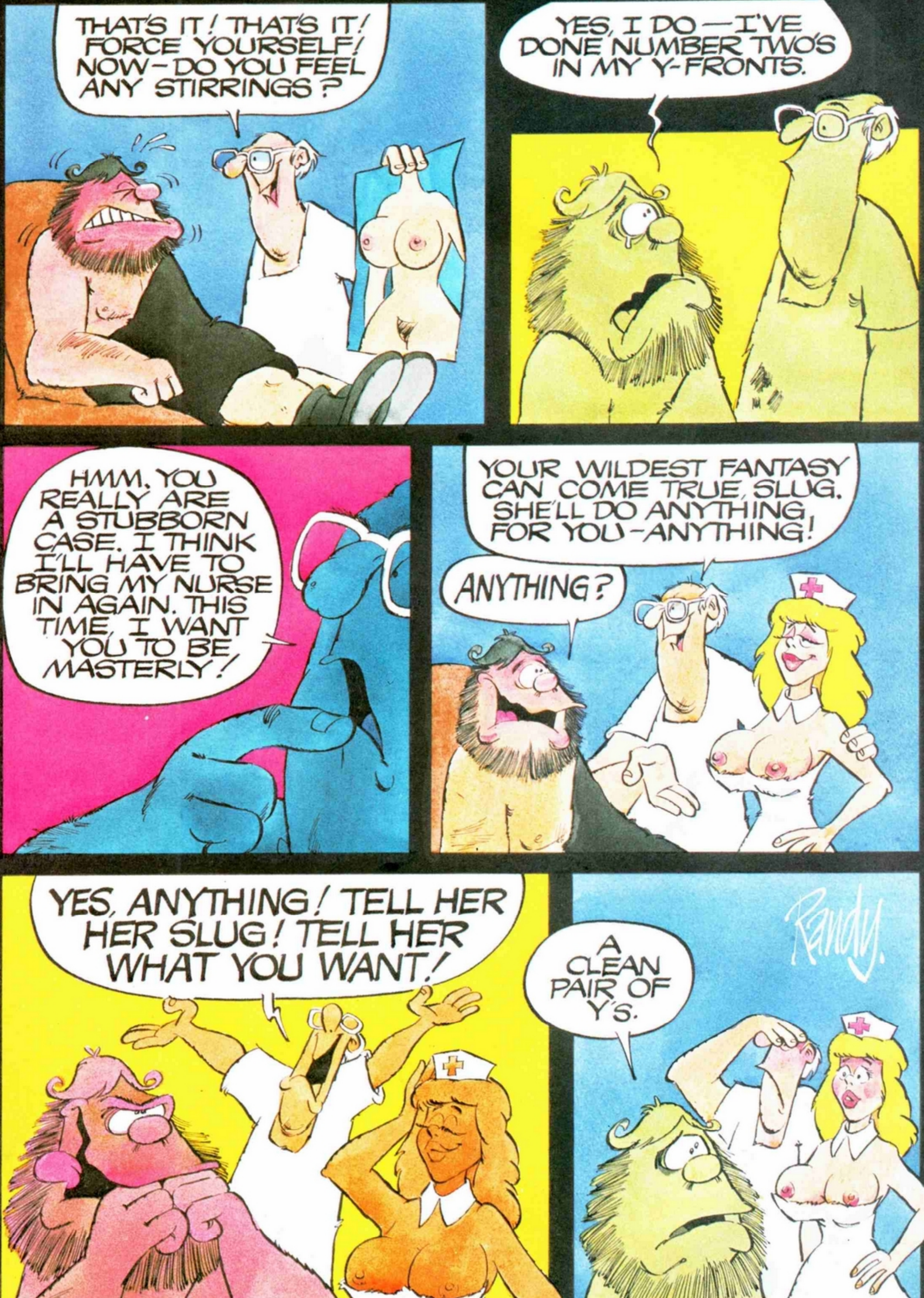
"I had no idea. I thought it was just a gimmick."

LAUGH WITH Wing



"A penny for your thoughts dear . . ."

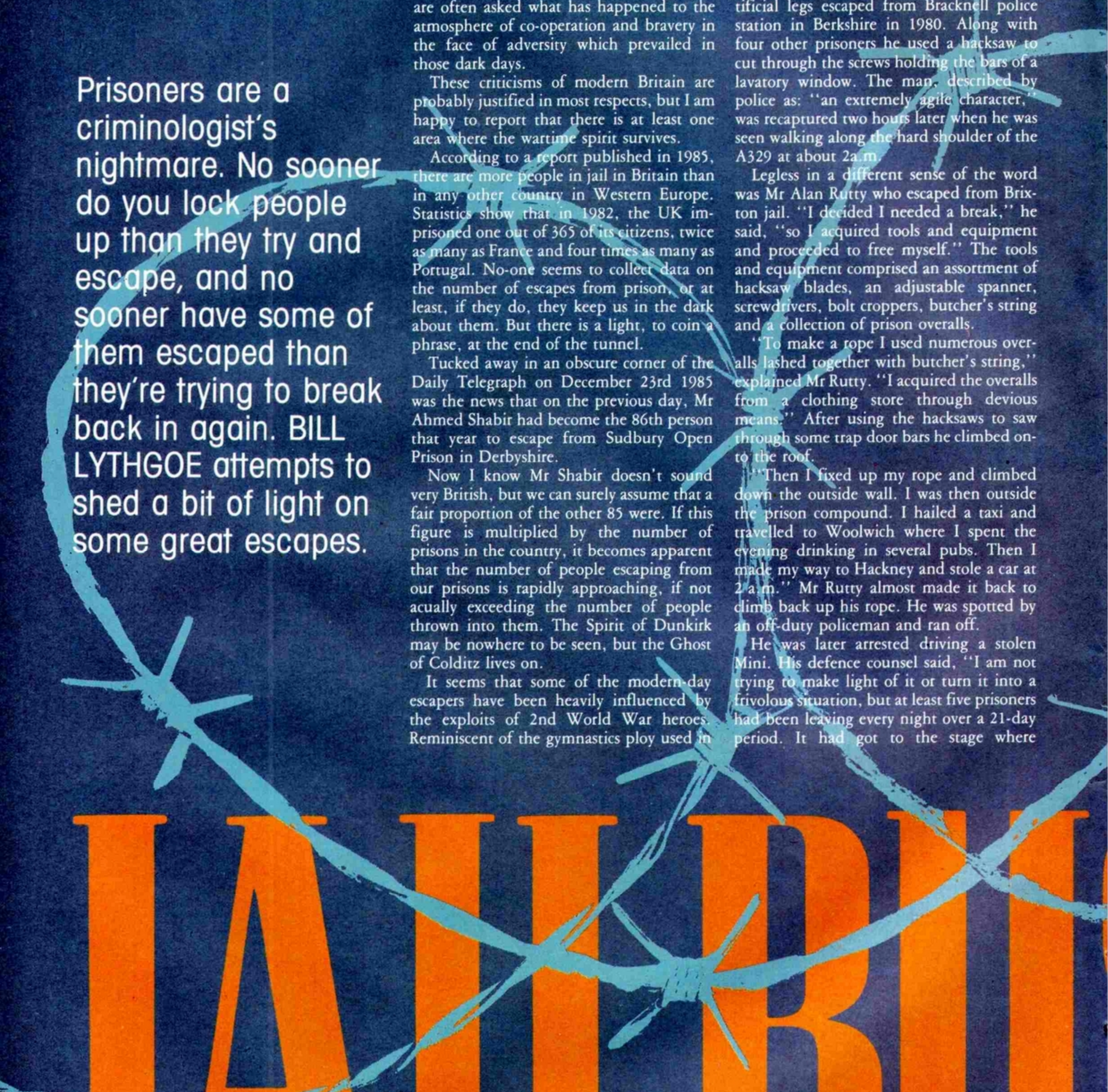

SLUG
SLUG IS SEEKING HELP FROM A TEMPORARY IMPOTENCE PROBLEM...
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A WORD ASSOSCIATION TEST.
MOON.
SHAG.
COW.
SHAG.
GRASS.
SHAG.
ROCK.
SHAG.
CAVE.
PARDON?
CAVE.
SHAG.
WELL, IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS.
WHATS THAT?
YOU NEED A GREAT BIG KISS ON THE LIPS FROM ME!
DON'T HIT ME! DON'T HIT ME! THIS WAS ALL PART OF A PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT!
I WANTED TO MAKE YOU ANGRY. LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF A LARGE-CHESTED WOMAN! CONVERT YOUR ANGER TO LUST!


THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! FORCE YOURSELF! NOW-DO YOU FEEL ANY STIRRINGS?
YES, I DO—I'VE DONE NUMBER TWO'S IN MY Y-FRONTS.
HMM, YOU REALLY ARE A STUBBORN CASE. I THINK I'LL HAVE TO BRING MY NURSE IN AGAIN. THIS TIME, I WANT YOU TO BE MASTERLY!
YOUR WILDEST FANTASY CAN COME TRUE, SLUG. SHE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR YOU-ANYTHING!
ANYTHING?
YES, ANYTHING! TELL HER HER SLUG! TELL HER WHAT YOU WANT!
Randy.
A CLEAN PAIR OF Y'S.

NEXT MONTH:— THE CURE.

JAILBU

Prisoners are a criminologist's nightmare. No sooner do you lock people up than they try and escape, and no sooner have some of them escaped than they're trying to break back in again. BILL LYTHGOE attempts to shed a bit of light on some great escapes.



It's hard to believe that more than 40 years have passed since the end of World War Two. We still hear frequent complaints that things, or more likely, people are not what they were in wartime. We are often asked what has happened to the atmosphere of co-operation and bravery in the face of adversity which prevailed in those dark days.

These criticisms of modern Britain are probably justified in most respects, but I am happy to report that there is at least one area where the wartime spirit survives.

According to a report published in 1985, there are more people in jail in Britain than in any other country in Western Europe. Statistics show that in 1982, the UK imprisoned one out of 365 of its citizens, twice as many as France and four times as many as Portugal. No-one seems to collect data on the number of escapes from prison, or at least, if they do, they keep us in the dark about them. But there is a light, to coin a phrase, at the end of the tunnel.

Tucked away in an obscure corner of the Daily Telegraph on December 23rd 1985 was the news that on the previous day, Mr Ahmed Shabir had become the 86th person that year to escape from Sudbury Open Prison in Derbyshire.

Now I know Mr Shabir doesn't sound very British, but we can surely assume that a fair proportion of the other 85 were. If this figure is multiplied by the number of prisons in the country, it becomes apparent that the number of people escaping from our prisons is rapidly approaching, if not acually exceeding the number of people thrown into them. The Spirit of Dunkirk may be nowhere to be seen, but the Ghost of Colditz lives on.

It seems that some of the modern-day escapers have been heavily influenced by the exploits of 2nd World War heroes. Reminiscent of the gymnastics ploy used in The Wooden Horse was the escape by three prisoners who pole-vaulted over two 17 foot fences to freedom from the appropriately-named High Point prison in Suffolk.

And following in the footsteps of the legendary Douglas Bader, a man with artificial legs escaped from Bracknell police station in Berkshire in 1980. Along with four other prisoners he used a hacksaw to cut through the screws holding the bars of a lavatory window. The man, described by police as: "an extremely agile character," was recaptured two hours later when he was seen walking along the hard shoulder of the A329 at about 2a.m.

Legless in a different sense of the word was Mr Alan Rutty who escaped from Brixton jail. "I decided I needed a break," he said, "so I acquired tools and equipment and proceeded to free myself." The tools and equipment comprised an assortment of hacksaw blades, an adjustable spanner, screwdrivers, bolt croppers, butcher's string and a collection of prison overalls.

"To make a rope I used numerous overalls lashed together with butcher's string," explained Mr Rutty. "I acquired the overalls from a clothing store through devious means." After using the hacksaws to saw through some trap door bars he climbed onto the roof.

"Then I fixed up my rope and climbed down the outside wall. I was then outside the prison compound. I hailed a taxi and travelled to Woolwich where I spent the evening drinking in several pubs. Then I made my way to Hackney and stole a car at 2 a.m." Mr Rutty almost made it back to climb back up his rope. He was spotted by an off-duty policeman and ran off.

He was later arrested driving a stolen Mini. His defence counsel said, "I am not trying to make light of it or turn it into a frivolous situation, but at least five prisoners had been leaving every night over a 21-day period. It had got to the stage where

prisoners felt it was a normal part of their day.''

Mr Rutty isn't the only prisoner to be caught while trying to get *into* prison. Billy Roughton escaped from Ashwell open prison in Leicestershire early in December 1983 in order to spend Christmas at home in Birmingham. After celebrating New Year's Eve in fine style he found himself walking past Winson Green prison in the early hours of the morning.

Attracted, perhaps, by the familiar high walls and barred windows, he knocked on the door and enquired whether a bed for the night was available. The deputy governor of the prison welcomed him with open arms and commented, ''When he arrived on the doorstep he was absolutely blotto. The following morning, when he had sobered up but still had a hangover, he was kicking himself for being behind bars.''

> **"Attracted by the familiar high walls, he knocked on the door and enquired whether a bed for the night was available."**

Stephen Moody tried to break into Acklington Prison in Northumberland only three days after his release. He had returned to collect £1,800 — the proceeds of the robbery for which was had served his sentence. Another prisoner who should have handed over the money was in a punishment cell at the time so Mr Moody's journey was in vain. He was sentenced to a further 15 months in jail. The money has still not been found.

In the Republic of Ireland, investigations of what police called a ''mini crime wave'' in County Cavan led to Loughan House, the local prison. Prisoners had been keeping in training by stealing luxury items from houses, a presbytery and health centre, and then taking them back behind bars. A search of the cells revealed only a portable radio and an empty bottle of Blue Nun wine which had belonged to the parish priest.

Not all attempts to escape succeed. Even the time-honoured file-in-a-cake trick has been known to fail. Mr Martin Smith concealed three hacksaw blades in a chocolate sponge cake and presented it to his best friend when he went to visit him in a remand centre. Unfortunately, the staff decided to make a big thing of it and put on a special tea-time treat for the inmates with the cake as the star attraction. The hacksaw blades were revealed when a prison officer tried to slice up the cake.

Two prisoners who made a dash for freedom from Swansea magistrates court in 1980 forget they were handcuffed together and were recaptured after they failed to negotiate a lamp post. ''One went round the post one way and the other went the other way,'' said a police spokesman. Both men broke their wrists and had to be treated at Singleton Hospital before appearing in court, each with his arm in plaster.

Of course you don't believe that story but I must strain your credulity even further by telling you that the same thing happened again in September 1985. This time it was outside a Watford court where two prisoners had just been remanded. They took off and headed straight for a lamp-post. They proceeded to wrap themselves around it and collided with such force that they were both knocked unconscious. Guards had to lift them into a waiting police van.

Such amateurs do tend to give escapology a bad name but, fortunately, they are in a minority. Most escapers are just as ingenious as ever and new ideas are being introduced every day.

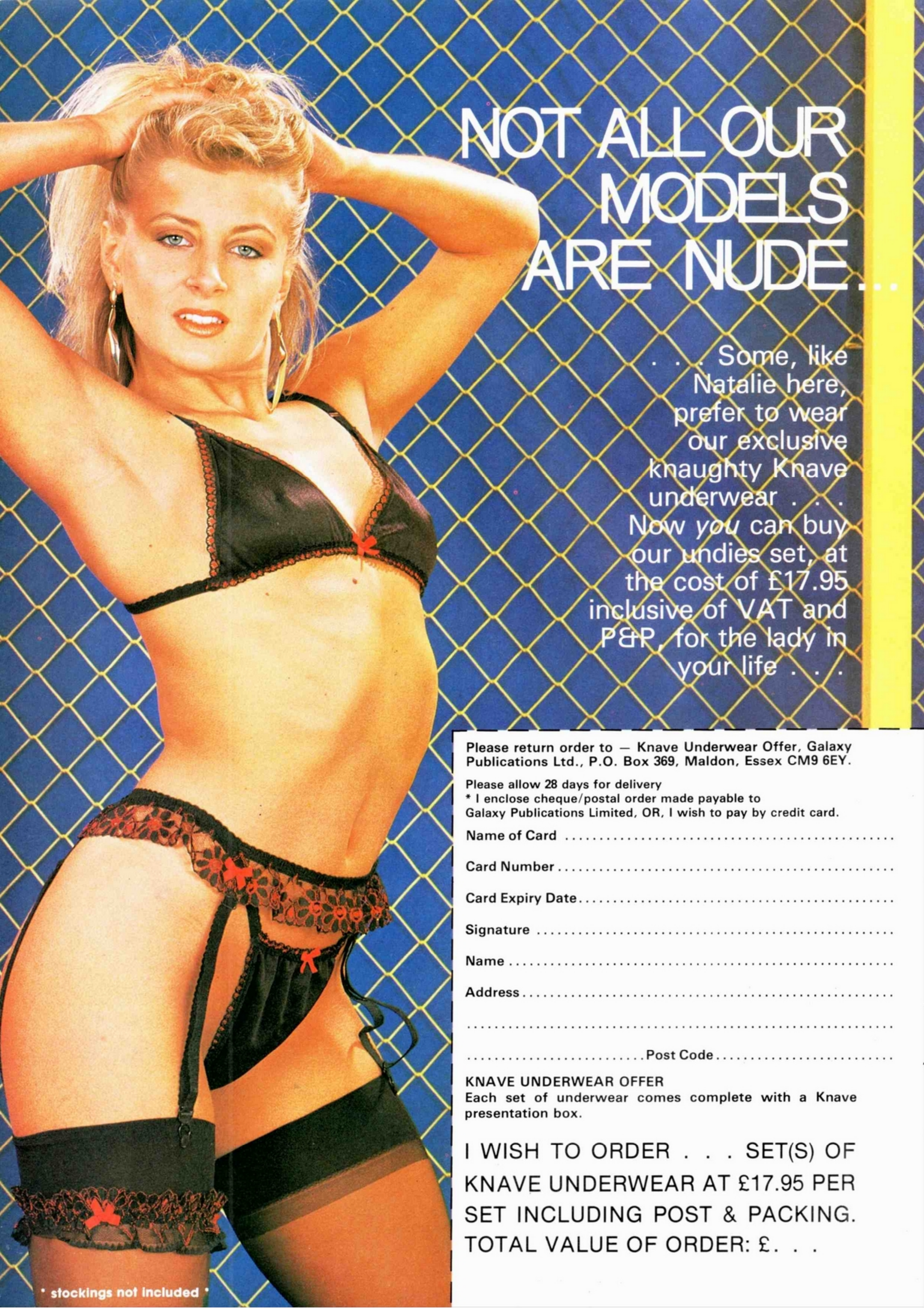
Mr Michael McKenzie escaped from a prison van on the way to Armley Jail in Leeds by using his false teeth. He managed to remove a metal plate from a ventilator grill. When the van slowed down in traffic he squeezed through the 18 by 10 inch hole and then walked 36 miles to visit his pregnant girlfriend in Doncaster. ''It certainly was a great escape,'' said a police spokesman, and you can't have praise from a higher source than that.

Mr Thomas Mullen had a good run for other people's money when he escaped from Aberdeen Prison in 1985. During his month of freedom he flew to Europe and stayed in several high class British hotels. Using stolen credit cards and cheques he managed to get through over £2,500.

He also obtained money by walking into York District Hotel and asking a bewildered nurse for treatment for AIDS. Somewhat concerned, she left her office to get help, whereupon Mullen stole £25 from her purse and disappeared. On another occasion he got a job at a youth hostel in Brighton and then absconded with £300 from the safe.

Although the British escape scene seems healthy enough, there is no reason to be complacent. We are still light years behind the Republic of San Marino. On a historic day early in March 1986, there was a successful escape bid by the country's entire prison population. He was Signor Fabio De Angelis who had been arrested for car theft several weeks previously.

STERS!



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WANTED A KNAVE COVER GIRL

£400 FOR THE LUCKY GIRL

£100 IF YOU FIND HER FOR US!

WANTED A star for a day! GIRLS — do you think you could be Amateur Model of the Month in Knave? GUYS — do you know a girl who would like to model for Knave? Yes! If so, send us some colour polaroids or prints — preferably fully nude — and don't forget to complete the form at the end of this month's Amateur Model feature. We choose the girls we like, and invite them to our studio in Essex for an enjoyable day out modelling for Knave, with a professional photographer behind the camera and a make-up stylist to make our girls look their best.

But wait — there's more! In November this year we are publishing an Amateur Model special issue, devoted to the gorgeous girls who have been our favourite Amateur Models. We are looking for a very special cover girl for this issue. It could be your girlfriend! It could even (assuming you're the right sex and shape) be you! Every girl who submits her photos to our Amateur Model feature between now and 1st June 1987 will be considered for the prestigious role of cover girl on our Amateur Model Special — and the lucky lady will also have a full set, including the centre spread, devoted to her in this special issue. Now for the hot news — we will pay our Amateur Model Special cover girl £400 — yes, £400, for her modelling session at our studio! That's double the normal fee! We'll also pay £100 to whoever takes the photos sent to us of the lucky cover girl!

There can, of course, only be one cover girl for our Amateur Model Special. We still want girls for our Amateur Model feature in regular issues of Knave, so even if we don't choose a girl as our cover girl she could still be selected for an Amateur Model modelling session and earn herself £200, plus £25 for whoever takes the photos sent to us.

There's more! Even if a prospective Amateur Model is not chosen as our Amateur Model Special cover girl, or as an Amateur Model of the Month, she could still appear in the Amateur Model special issue. How? We'll be publishing in the Special a selection of the original polaroids and prints sent to us for our Amateur Model feature. (Of course, any prospective Amateur Models who do not want their own photos to appear in the Amateur Model Special can say so.) So — more chance than ever before of appearing in full glorious colour in Knave! An opportunity definitely not to be missed!

For details of how to enter Knave's Amateur Model Cover Girl Competition, see the form at the end of this feature.

RACHEL (LEFT) AND **JACQUI** — TWO LOVELY LADIES WHO STARTED OUT AS KNAVE AMATEUR MODELS AND ARE NOW TOP GLAMOUR COVER GIRLS.

KOD'AK EPR 6017
EPR▷1
EPR▷2

AMATEUR MODEL

Valerie comes from Nottingham. If only Forest or County would sign up her considerable mid-field talents, I'm sure their attendance problems would be solved! I for one would willingly brave the Trent End on a murky Saturday afternoon for a glimpse of Valerie in tight shorts and nipple hugging shirt.
When not setting the soccer pitch alight, Valerie works as an importer for a company that specializes in Valentine cards. Wait a minute, what month is this? Bloody hell, another coincidence, I can hardly believe it. I wonder if it was Valerie who sent me all those rude cards on the fourteenth.

EPR ▷ 18
EPR ▷ 19
EPR ▷ 5
KOD'AK EPR 6017
EPR ▷ 6
KOD'AK EPR 6017
EPR ▷ 9
KOD'AK

valerie swift

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN COPTHORNE

AMATEUR MODEL FORM

AMATEUR MODEL FORM

Send to: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, P.O. BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

MODEL'S NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

TELEPHONE NO...

DATE OF BIRTH..

SIGNATURE..

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

TELEPHONE NO...

SIGNATURE..

DATE PHOTOS TAKEN..

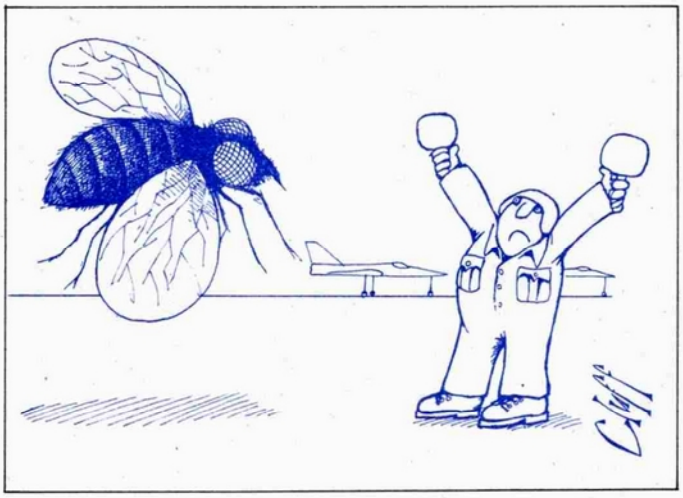
If we like the photos you send us, we'll invite you to our studio for a day's modelling — and pay you £200! And we'll pay £25 to whoever took your photos. We provide a professional make-up artist and photographer — and an enjoyable day out! Come on, girls, let's see your photos!

PENPOWER

continued from page 26

my married life.

In 20 years I have taken over 3,000 different men between my pretty legs and sucked almost every cock I have taken into my pussy. I have worked as a whore on the average of twice a month. We arrange at least one good orgy a month, usually with five to ten men taking turns on me. During an orgy I often take on twoor even three men at the same time. We attend a sex club once or twice a month where I will take on at least a dozen men during an evening. I have let men play with my tits, feel me up and screw me in public. I love to be *fucked*. I want it as often as I can possibly get it, but even more important, I want to be screwed by lots of different men. Most of my dates are one night stands met through ads in swinger's publications, but when I find a really good man, he is free to put it to me whenever he likes.



They say a picture is worth a thousand words. I would like to describe a colour 11 x 14 picture that is framed and on open display in my bedroom. What lies behind this picture describes very well what sex really means to me.

In the picture I am lying on the living room couch. My white blouse is open, my titties jutting over the top of a low cut black brassiere, my nipples standing out long and hard. My white skirt is bunched up about my waist, a pair of bright pink bikini panties dangling from one ankle. I am wearing a black garter belt, black silk stockings and white high heels.

My husband's best friend is laying on top of me. My legs are locked around Ron's waist, my heels digging into his buttocks. My husband took the picture from a side view, clearly showing Ron's prick rammed all the way up my cunt — all 11½ inches of beautiful, thick, hard meat — more than twice as deep in me as my husband has ever been. Ron was coming in me when the picture was taken. You can see his thick jazz starting to run out of my pussy. My body is arched off the couch, my eyes tightly closed, my lips parted in a cry of pleasure. The expression on my face makes it obvious I am coming with him.

The picture is certainly 'pornographic', but to my eyes it's beautiful, neither 'obscene' nor 'vulgar'. It shows me having intercourse with a very dear friend. We are sharing one of the most intimate and beautiful acts possible between man and woman. The picture shows Ron actually inside of me, very deep inside of me. Our bodies are joined together, he has become a part of me.

There is no 'wifely duty' or obligation of any kind involved. Ron is fucking me, not 'making love' to me, because we both want, need and enjoy it. The fact that I am still fully dressed, although fully exposed, depicts spontaneous sex rather than something to take before turning over to go to sleep. It also brings out the feeling of 'illicit' sex that turns me on so much. Ron is fucking another man's wife, and taking something that doesn't belong to him. After all, stolen fruit is always the sweetest *(Here endeth the lesson. — Ed.)*!

There are many other hidden things about this picture. The fact that my husband was sharing me with this man, and that Ron had been pouring the meat into me for well over half an hour, and had brought me off at least five or six times. Or that minutes later I was naked, sucking his cock until he was coming in my mouth. The picture was taken the night our last child was conceived. With my husband's consent I had asked Ron to knock me up.

"Most of my dates are one night stands met through ads."

We are advocates of complete sexual freedom. We believe *(Here we go again. — Ed.)* I have the right to put out to any man who turns me on, and that no sex act is ever 'wrong' or 'perverted', if it brings pleasure and not harm to those involved. I will let any man fuck me, whether he is a close friend or a complete stranger, regardless of age or colour, if I like him as a person.

I suppose I am very much oversexed, but if so, I wouldn't have it any other way! Sex is the most important, and the most beautiful aspect of my life. It begins the moment I wake in the morning, especially if I find myself in bed with a new man. It doesn't end until I go to sleep at night, assuming I don't have an erotic dream. Sex is present in the way I dress, the way I act and feel.

Both my husband and I are turned on by my prick teasing in public. I am proud to be a woman, and proud of what I have to offer men, I like to show it off. Every article of clothing I own was selected to enhance and reveal my figure, not to hide it. Most of my brassieres are cut so low my large nipples protrude over the top. I select a colour, usually black, that will clearly show through my blouse and draw attention to my tits. I love to show my tits off by wearing a see-through blouse or a low cut dress. I like short skirts or split skirt fashions to show off my legs.

My prick teasing is done in a manner that seems innocent, and is therefore more exciting to most men. I am constantly giving men 'stolen glimpses' all the way up my skirt. On a windy day I select a very full skirt or dress, one that will catch every breeze to blow up and show off my legs and panties. To make the view more erotic I always wear a garter belt, stockings and bright coloured bikini panties. I like to undress before an open window, or take my dress off when doing things around the house, then forget to put something on to answer the door.

We make no attempt to hide my sexual activity from *(Fuckin 'ell. There's another twelve pages of this crap. Where's the scissors! — Ed.)*. . .

. . . It isn't punishment as most might think. The most beautiful think of all is while a man is fucking me, to look up and see the expression of excitement and *pride* on my husbands face as he waits his own turn on me.

No, it isn't for everyone, but our sex life will never get stale and we will never take each other for granted. In Dave's words, he likes being married to a woman who enjoys being fucked so much it doesn't matter who is giving it to me. — *Ann, Sydney.*

We get pillocks writing to us. We get absolute imbeciles. Occasionally we get the odd total lame-brain. But this takes the biscuit, the absolute dick-head award for pseudo sixties bullshit philosophy. The only reason I published it was to prove what an amazingly tolerant, well adjusted person I am.— Ed.

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Dare

'Life is nasty, poor, brutish and short,' said the philosopher. It's a thought that must have flashed through Tina's mind as she stumbled through a hellish Greek holiday. ANDY DARLINGTON takes up the story . . .

'Bastard!' She sat on the warm kerb-stones of a pavement Taverna, watching people eat. The sensual warmth came up through the seat of her cut-down Levis. It, and the close proximity of food, was comforting.

The sun burned her neck making her pleasantly drunk, or high, on hunger. She hadn't eaten in two days. "Down and out in coastal Greece" sounds like last years cliché; the title of a thirties book she should've read. The next line would go: "cast adrift and directionless in some godforsaken fishing village." Even as she smiled at the thought, he was approaching her. She'd seen him at the near table, furtively glancing across in her direction. Dark-skinned with long unruly hair pulled back into a pony tail. Totally compelling eyes, brown as his tan, and the swaggering gait of natural self-confidence.

'You share bread and wine with me? Psomi? Krasi?' She nodded. He hunkered down beside her and passed a bottle, moving in a lascivious animal way, slow and predatory. She slurped the bottle greedily, embarrassed by her eagerness even as she did so. Intimidated by his raw health that so obviously contrasted her pallor.

'English?' Nod. 'Nowhere to stay?' A shrug. His accent was American, but measured and reassuring. 'Broke, busted, disgusted. And the face and figure of Sylvia Kristel.'

She didn't know how to react, so she took another pull at the bottle. 'Tina' she said at length. 'And Sylvia Kristel's a brunette.'

'Davey R., from Boston Mass. Pleased to make your acquaintance, Tina.' His hands danced with a mock-courteous flourish that had her choking on laughter.

The sun was slipping low over the horizon now. When he stood, extending his hand to her, she heaved up her backpack and sleeping roll; the action stretched her T-shirt taut, moulding it to her, concealing and revealing in equal proportions. She followed him, thoughts racing.

Mark, there's strange men trying to pick me up — could be rapists or sex killers — and if I'm too weak to resist it's your fault, 'cos you should be here. You Bastard!

On his feet and walking fast, she had to hurry to keep up with him. Past the big square at the top of the rise from the harbour, where the old-town streets narrowed down, her senses working overtime like they hadn't done since the split-up. Like she'd been in shock, some kind of trance since he'd walked out on her. It was as if she was seeing this place for the first time. The town: pleasantly lazy, looking and smelling Greek. From the thick aroma of Turkish coffee to the proud mustachioed old men and black-shawled crones, to the boisterous unshaven drink-vendors by the battered inland-bound coaches, to the market-stand displays of fresh veg and local fruit — tomatoes the size of oranges, shiny red and green peppers, melons and lemons . . .

And Police. There seemed to be a high profile police presence on each intersection. She avoided their inquisitive gaze — mindful of vagrancy charges, dope frisks, planted evidence. Mark had told her all about the Asstinomiko! And as she walked, it all came pouring out of her about Mark. The Kerouac dream of thumb-tripping Europe which they'd lived clear down to somewhere around here, where he'd got snared in with some dope-run to Morocco and she'd woken to find him gone.

'Can't you wire home for cash?'

'No.' That'd be to admit she'd failed.

They hated Mark from the start, and the more they'd hated the more she'd wanted him, because he was

continued on page 95

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DARE *Continued from page* **93**

dangerous. The Sod.

'They said he'd ditch me. I won't give them that satisfaction.'

And now Davey R. — a sabbatical to 'do' Europe that gravitated down to leisurely employment in the sun for — who knows how long? Until it ceases to be fun.

'Mr Karabinis lives there,' a nod in the vague direction of the high hills overlooking the sea. Some villas lost in pines, the whiteness of bare rock and rich greens of shaded lawns. 'Paralysed from the waist down, but made his million first. Now lives as a near-recluse but for the occasional girls. Not that he uses them himself, y'unnerstand? But he likes to watch bodies in his garden, preferably nude, young and entwined. He's generous too. A week'd get you a plane ticket home and then some. But you could stay for a week, you could stay for eternity — whichever comes first.' And those eyes were on her, opening her like a sexual penetration. 'You fuck 'n' suck for pleasure 'n' profit?'

It stopped her dead. A month earlier she'd have turned and walked, but now she was indecisively gaping. Licking dry lips for some quick and witty response that wouldn't come. 'Is the Pope Catholic? Is Groucho funny?'

And the grin came slow and easy. Greece: a land of gods, poets and heroes — and he was all three. Suddenly Mark wasn't quite so important.

'Why me? Do you make a habit of giving succour to waifs, strays and fallen woman?'

'It's been known to happen.'

Coming out now through the plaza. A Citroën idling, vintage Human League on stereo speakers — 'I picked you out/I shook you up/and turned you around/and turned you into someone new.' She can see herself in the smoked perspex and doesn't like what's looking back; ragged silver-blonde hair, uncombed like any other sub-hippie derelict washed up on this coast. The extruded mounds of her nipples-punctuating the R and X of the RELAX on her grubby, slept-in, last year's T-shirt — moving as she walks. Her Levi's hacked off and frayed above the knees. Backpack and . . .

' . . . who he?' A skinny Greek with jet-black hair greased into a fifties quiff, slumped behind the steering wheel. Faded denim jacket and that kind of aggressive macho posing assumed by Greek males.

'Who he? He Stevo. That who he. He is gardening. He is chauffeuring. He is troilism. As you'll find out.'

Dare

The villa, screened by cypress and hidden behind high walls, was cool and spacious. The garden riding down a slope of six terraces — lawns and flower-beds — with a pool on the third. The fitted wardrobes in the apartment she was designated were filled with dresses and outfits (but no underwear), many of them her size. Where were they all from? Who'd worn them last? She luxuriated in a shower and changed into the first clean clothes she'd worn since leaving England. The she met Mr Karabinis at the evening meal in a conservatory overlooking the sparkling blue sea. He sat at the head of the table, wheeled in by Stevo, who then sat beside Davey R. Conversation was conducted in Greek, effectively excluding her. She tried to catch Davey's eye but he was always talking, so she turned her attention to the food (*Greek cuisine is really Turkish cuisine mangled by bad cooks*, Mark had claimed). Ladera — heavy with oil, dusted with marjoram, followed by Kafe tourkiko. Bored and tired she quit for bed — unmolested — with her hunger pleasantly sated.

"She was conscious of the sensual bobbing of her breasts."

I can't go through with this. Morning was different. The house seemed empty, cold and alien. She felt trapped into a bargain made when she'd been weak with hunger, not a little drunk on Greek wine, and hypnotized by deep brown eyes. *Relax. It'll be allright. It's just like a Dare. You can't back out of a Dare — and where'd you back out to? Onto the street? It's not your fault. It's Mark that's to blame — the bastard. I was his responsibility. If it wasn't for him I wouldn't be here.*

In the lounge a silent TV flashes up monochrome pictures of teenage girls, of indecipherable Greek script. Police officers speak into the camera with serious expressions (murder? mystery? suspense? missing girls? sex killers?) before cutting to commercial jingles — even more mindless for their being in a nonsense language. She lost interest. There was a bikini in the wall unit. She tried it on, then, with an effort, left the top in the draw. She looked good despite the sun-bleached hair, flakes of dry white skin peeling from her shoulders. Freckles too, dusting across her back, but her breasts were full and firm, large golden aureolae swollen smoothly to the nipples. She posed at the mirror; matted hanks of hair hanging over her forehead like so much seaweed, she stuck her tongue out and wrinkled her nose at the reflection. She was conscious of the sensual bobbing of her breasts as she walked the gardens.

Stevo studiously tending flowerbeds, he ignored her, seemed hostile, almost murderously so. She avoided him. And Davey was nowhere to be seen. Disappointed, she lay in the warm shade of trees, watched gulls gliding on thermals up from the sea. She drowsed. Later — before bed — she critically examined herself: tits, thighs — the pale and sparse mat of pubence that gave her an almost

continued on page **97**

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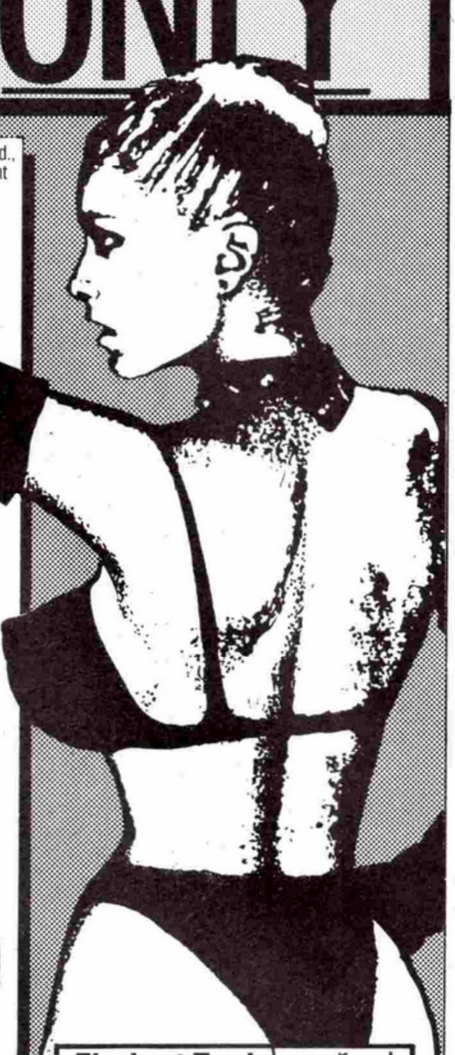

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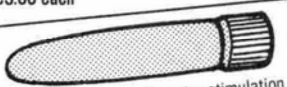

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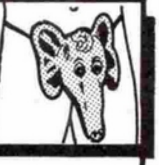

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DARE Continued from page 95

pre-adolescent appearance (*a pubic blonde as well as a public one*, Mark had said).

So what the hell's wrong with me that they don't fuck me and get it over with? Just what're they waiting for? Why don't they make a move on me? Why don't they hurry up and do it?

Dare

Bodies in the garden, nude, young and entwined. Vintage Human League on the portable ITT — 'I love your love action/love's just a distraction/no talking, just looking/watching your love action.' They're damp, gleaming from the pool, Karabinis in the shadow of a cypress, watching from his wheel-chair as they arrange her, treating her as an object for manipulation without will or personality. They sit her demurely, the slight shock of cool damp grass pricking and tickling her bare skin, breasts nodding to her rate of heightened breathing, her pale complexion colouring. The eyes from the wheel-chair are occluded by reflector shades, but she's uncomfortably conscious of him caressing her visually. Dirty old sod. Stevo's shifting behind her, hands clamping against the side of her head so she can't move. Davey facing her, legs bent. An obscene limbo dancer. A gunfighter, sperm-shooter in hand aiming at her brain, pulling at it playfully She's scared to look, but can't look away. He's laughing, thrusts his hips at her, grabs her by the hair, angling it down to attack her face, its shadow falling across her. It's glistening, quivering an inch from her nose. He's masturbating deliberately, vertical slit eye opening and closing like some ludicrous fast-forward fish-mouth, the fat blunt arrowhead bulging purple as he's squeezing. She feels clumsy, embarrassed, awkward and inadequate (*'Are my tits big enough for him? Can I do it like he wants it?*), temples roaring in giddy silence.

She squirms, pretends to resist as it nudges up, squashing against her lips insistently, but Stevo's slipping his right hand under her chin, a quick wrist-movement moulding her jaws apart. With a debauched whore-like sensation the tulip-head slides into her mouth (*over the teeth, over the gums, look out tonsils here it comes*).

She knows what to do. Mark'd shown her and she'd been an exemplary student, eager to please. After all — if she hadn't done it to him he'd have found someone else who would. Right? The bastard. If he could see her now he'd regret running out. *Don't get mad — get even*, and what revenge this was!

She sucks tentatively (a slight taste of pool chlorine) as Stevo, his fingers in her hair, applies gentle but increasing pressure, encouraging her to gulp more down. She glances up over the smooth muscular plane of Davey's stomach, the thick curling body hair beaded with wetness, undulating with sharp intakes of breath as her tongue teases little lapping touches around him. A broad mocking grin as he watches her crouch, head buried in his thigh. And he looks so good — *a man to look up to. This is for you Davey R., just for you*. But slowly, inexorably, he withdraws, strings of saliva sparkling along his inflamed length, a trickle of his pleasure coursing down her chin, threading freckles.

Stevo releases her too, lays back on the grass, toying his penis at the sky. 'Again' hisses Davey. 'On all fours this time, holding your hair outta the way so's Mr Karabinis can see your expression.'

She complies without hesitation, at his mercy, no show of reluctance any longer, shuffling down submissively, fanning hair back with one hand in a way that has her breasts standing out firm and pointed, stiff nipples noticeably swollen. Crouching so they hang low, head dipping, tongue flick flickering onto that fat wedge of cock, enveloping it like a Venus Fly-trap traps a fly. The hard strong smell of his sex-sweat in her nostrils. Her pursed lips slide over the silky dome, guzzling it voraciously, tasting the moisture oozing into her mouth, cheeks caving, eyes closed in what could be humiliation — or ecstacy, but conscientiously holding her hair so that Mr Karabinis can see the nibbling clasp of her straining lips, soft, but tightly ringing it.

Davey moves in behind her, erection swaying ponderously, brushing her thigh en passant, pressing down the small of her back so her bottom pouts rudely outwards. Separating her buttocks, feeling the dark liquidity between her thighs until she squirms and wriggles to escape his spidery touch. But he's prising her legs apart, raising her hips crudely so her sexual parts gape, gash like a raw fleshy wound. His index finger runs down the parted lips, squelching deep into the moist vulva as far as it'll go. Mr Karabinis's breath hissing rapid and irregular through clenched teeth, throat moving unconsciously as he watches the inelegant splay of legs laid open to him. Davey hefts the hard penis up, lodges it where his fingers blazed the trail and slides it in, inch by inch, watching in fascination. She's moaning around her fleshy gag, emitting slurpy animal noises. Until he rams home violently, propelling her suddenly forward, Stevo's cock slops out her mouth leaving a messy comet-tail as she sprawls, a look of panic wincing her face. Her breasts smudge into Stevo's thigh, her face disappearing between his legs, cock bouncing and wobbling through her hair.

"He Stevo. That who he. He is gardening. He is chauffeuring. He is troilism."

They're laughing cruelly, but she's pressing backwards, fumbling for the slippery penis, drawing its blood-bloated

DARE *Continued from previous page*

glans back to her face. Mumbling 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry,' in a confused eagerness to get it back into place, smearing its tip across her chin until it slots awkwardly between her lips, distorting the shape of her cheek with its hard outline. Her eyes closing as it relocates and sinks in, the desperation on her face melting.

Davey slithers back, swollen cock hideously erect, blue veins standing out in harsh relief, lit with her juices, watching it extract until only the knob remains embedded in the cloying folds of vaginal flesh. Holding for a moment, her buttocks tensing, then pushing forward, forcing her into Stevo's thigh this time causing her to take the impaling phallus into her throat until she grunts a strangled gurgling noise. His dark pubic hair like a surrealist beard and moustache planted around her mouth.

He begins a steady fucking rhythm that has his testicles swaying and knocking up against her clitoris, her cunt streaming sexual seepage making it soft and clinging, like sinking into the moistness of over-ripe fruit.

Fucking like animals, the natural savagery of primal, elemental forces flooding all that's rational. She's responding instinctively, breathing heavy, head light, swerving out of control, legs sprawling further apart, hips bracing to accept each thrust, whimpering audibly with undisguised arousal. Groaning in throaty spurts, breasts shuddering and trembling along Stevo's thighs, shiny with sweat, wet tendrils of pubic hair matted. She's writhing and spasming, spitted on two pulsating cocks when the full heat of orgasm rips like flash fire from one to the other, passing through Tina as though she's no more than a conducting medium.

The tape clicks off. Mr Karabinis coughs.

Dare

Even now, as the Tristar engines thrum, the slight vibrations communicating up through the fuselage to her, she imagines she can smell sex on her fingers. Still see the betraying grass-bruises on her knees and elbows. Still feel the ache in her jaw, the salt taste of semen. The warmth deep between her legs. Still see Davey's hypnotic brown eyes peering out from beneath the unruly debris of curls. It could — should — have worked out so differently. Bastards. Just that once on the lawn with Mr Karabinis's voyeur-eyes on them from the chair, neat tartan rug tucked in over his useless legs. Just that once, and then she'd been ignored. Davey R., you shouldn't have done that, it could've been so good, we could've been together now. But she'd paced the lawns and she'd lain in the sun, she'd eaten her meals with images of sexuality burning into her, feeling sex oozing through her like a drug.

She'd always been betrayed by the sensual streak in her nature, but had been afraid to surrender to it, afraid of unleashing what she'd be unable to control. Instead, she'd lived through her men, warping her own desires to please them, to be what they wanted. What happened just once in the garden was merely its most extreme and exaggerated form. Now that control was sluiced from her by events and she was carried by its momentum.

And yet Davey ignored her! At last she had sought him out, down through the six empty tiers of the garden. There had been movement by the poolside and she came upon it unexpectedly. Stevo and Davey R. At first she took it they were wrestling — but they weren't wrestling . . .

And the anger exploded in her with a force and vehemence she couldn't believe herself capable of. *First Mark, and now . . . this!* Mark had preferred the dope trail, while Davey R. had always preferred Stevo; screwing her had never been more than an extra chore to be undertaken. Part of his employment contract. Bastards, bastards. Back in the house she was punching out the phone connection, then pacing in an agony of uncertainty as the vast empty grounds and the cold alien villa awaited the Police cars. Awaited her revenge.

"Stranger in a strange land, used and abused by a nest of perverts."

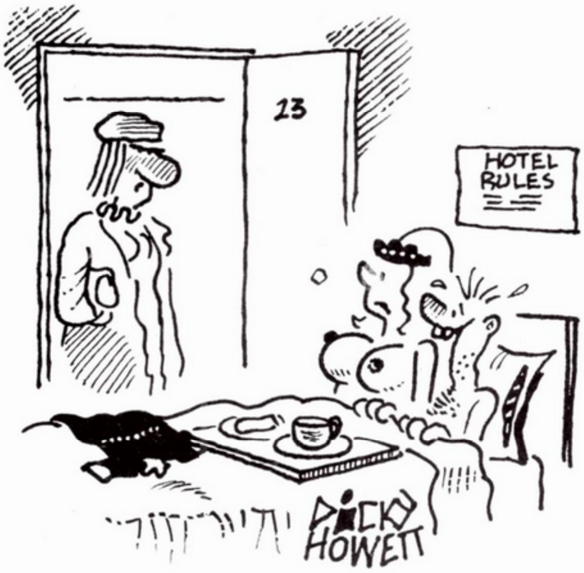
'Lured here, then — held against my will, used sexually in the most vile and disgusting ways. Can't bring myself to describe the full horrors, Officer,' it poured out of her so easily.

Mr Karabinis railing in furious Greek at an apologetic Policeman. The Asstinomiko — Mark had told her all about them. Davey R, big brown eyes confused and sad. Stevo flashing expressions of hatred at her whenever their eyes met. Suppose her story wouldn't stand? Vagrant, no money, she asked for all she got, deserved it. The macho conspiracy. Vagrancy charges, dope frisks, planted evidence. What then?

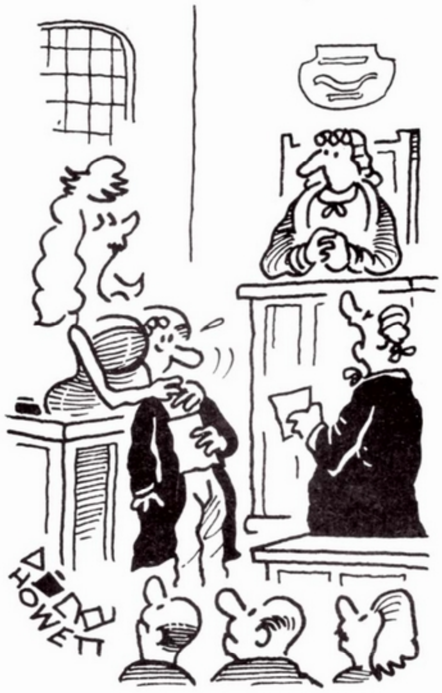
What then was the first of the bodies unearthed from the flowerbed. The gardens Stevo so conscientiously tended. Then another. TV faces of teenage girls whose dresses and outfits hung in the wardrobes (many of them her size). She couldn't believe it — even now. Couldn't take it in, despite the soothing Consulate Officials explaining, and the international Press coming round to buy her story; the poor little English girl. Stranger in a strange land, used and abused by a nest of perverts like in the unfinished scenario for a snuff movie. The flowerbeds seeded with their previous victims.

Mark, Davey R. — I don't need any of you. Bastards — all of you. I've come out of this stronger. From now on I'm living for me!

The plane began to taxi for home . . .

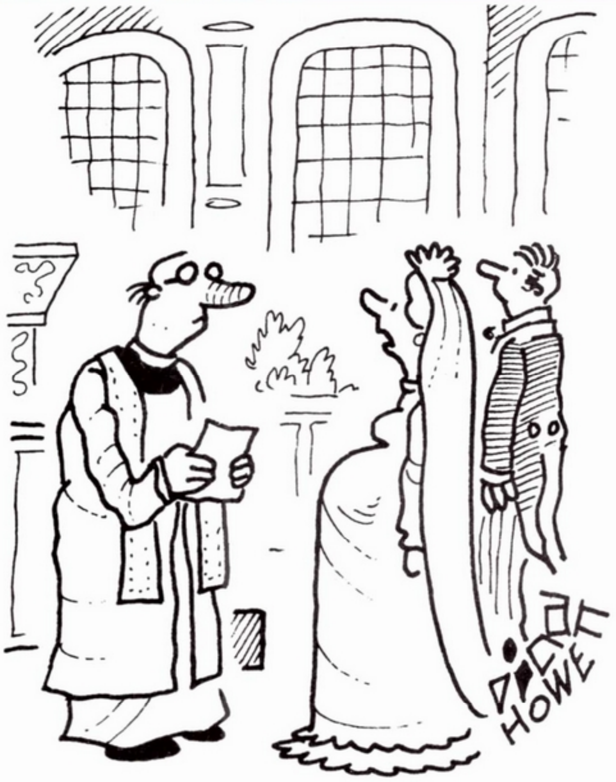

23
HOTEL RULES

"She offered me breakfast in bed, dear."

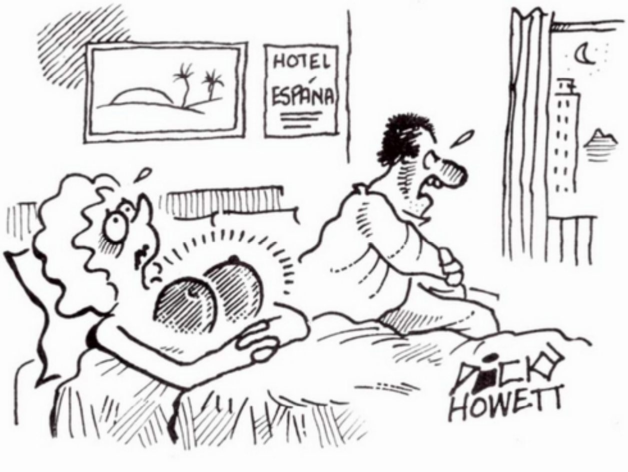


"Objection! The witness is trying to influence the court."

LAUGH WITH DICKY HOWETT



"I did."


HOTEL ESPAÑA

"So much for sunbathing topless and forgetting about the sun-tan oil."

TERRI

The number of coincidences in the choice of models for this issue is even more mind-blowing than previously thought. There we all were crowded around the pictures of super half-back Terri, muttering dirty sporty talk: "Wouldn't mind getting caught in an off-side trap with that." "Wor, how about flanking her for ninety minutes?" "Bet she's a neat dribbler." "She could go for my ball anytime." When in walked Patricia, our Sloane receptionist who, unbeknownst to us, had had her surname changed by deed-poll from Swift to Wimple.

"Fuckin' 'ell," she said. "That's my fuckin' sister!" You could have blown us all over with a feather. It's such a small world, isn't it?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIMON HURST

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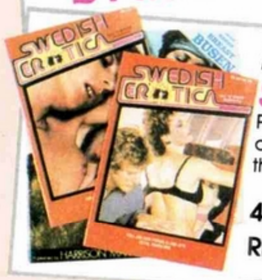
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WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Firmly ensconced in her role as healer of inferiority complexes, massager of bruised egos and disseminator of arcane advice, BETTE NOIRE, B.Sex (Hons), M.Sex (Distinction), P.45, battles on. Why the crusade to bring light and enlightenment to the world? Well, partly it's out of the goodness of her heart, but mostly it's because her projected book on blow jobs in a monetarist economy was turned down and she needs the money.

Q: Some advice please. I have recently been seeking help for my premature ejaculation. Can you, in the meantime, give some comfort not only to me, but to the women involved? — R.H. (Hereford).

A: Certainly — or, rather, I can tell you what I think (and you can cut this out and tape it over your bed!). I happen to get a charge turning on a man so totally that he loses control and releases here, there and you-name-it. Anyway, after he has had his turn, there is a lot more patience and attention for me and my pleasure. When you're concentrating on pleasing women, tongues, hands and anything warm and willing is just as (if not, at times, more) important as a penis, dear heart. When will you guys remember that it's the whole show that counts, and not just one, er, member? Premature ejaculation has never bothered me, unless it bothered him, so just either say nothing, or briefly explain what's going on with you, and keep going . . . enjoy the abandonment.

Q: Recently, I gave my girlfriend a pair of ben-wa balls, which she had wanted to try. I admit the idea excited me, as well! She now tells me that instead of giving her a constant turn-on, she can't even keep them in. What's going on? — L.G. (Cotswolds).

A: Nothing wrong with your girlfriend. Those things are a safety hazard, as far as I'm concerned! They can fall out at the most inopportune moments. The only really good thing about them is that the clenching needed to contain 'em is great exercise for her internal muscles. The better for you, my dear, so either make sure she uses the buggers in the house, or offer her a game of marbles.

Q: Sometimes, behind my wife's back, I'll rent a couple of porn videos and masturbate. The problem is, my testicles are riding up into my body, which doesn't do a lot for the sensation — it seems that I don't come as well. What's causing this? — C.M. (London).

A: 'Have fun, will travel' certainly applies. It's normal for them to hide during arousal and ejaculation. It shouldn't interfere with a good time, though. Is the room you're indulging in too cold? (Balls hate the cold.) Guilt could also be a factor. (The little buggers don't like guilt either.) It's all in your head, upstairs, this trouble with the one below. Lighten up — maybe ask your wife to join in. Or change movies. (Talk to my agent . . .)

Q: I hope you can help me. I like the women I make love with to give head — sometimes, though, they do it just to please me, which is great, except that half the fun is having one's lover(s) do it because they want to, and enjoy it themselves. Can I help them? — C.M. (Plymouth).

A: Dear boy, you heart is in the right place, but that isn't always possible! You have to put the idea, as well as the other parts, into her head. First of all, tell them what you've told me: that real enthusiasm is an incredible turn-on, and that everything is better when both sides are happy. Be vocal, physical — appreciate, thrash around with excitement? (We don't like you guys to just lie there any more than you like us to!) If you're conscious, stroke her, let her know she isn't the only one down there. Tell her what works for you — when it does. She can get a sense of her own talents — mmmm, nice. I like a little whipped cream, myself . . .

Q: Do you think masturbation is healthy to do as often as you want? Can too much be harmful? — L.L. (Dumfries).

A: Masturbation is enormous fun and terrifically healthy. Everybody does it! As long as nothing else suffers (like sex with a partner) and there isn't discomfort, then go to it.
But . . . it can condition a man to come quickly, which can be a problem in the future if you want to prolong the fun with a partner. (But that isn't a problem, if you've read this whole column!)

Q: My fiancé and I have been lovers for over two years, and our relationship is a good one. However, lately he's been claiming that he doesn't come enough — not the matter of times, but the quantity! He says that the smaller amount of spunk doesn't affect his climax, but why should it worry him? — D.L. (London).

A: Sounds to me like he's getting it more but giving out less . . . I suspect that frequency's the problem (if that ever was one!) — it diminishes the amount of fluid. Good lord, if he's that hysterical about it, then cut down on your activity . . . but my feeling is, that's not worth the trade! Tell him the situation's normal and go back to bed . . .

Q: I have requested my girlfriend to shave her pubic hair, as I've seen pictures of women who did, and I think it's erotic. Are there any drawbacks to doing this? — M.C. (Norwich).

A: Not unless she doesn't like the idea, mate. Practically speaking, it could be rather painful shaving it, and it leaves the area irritated. Also itchy, especially when the hair starts growing back! (and impossible to scratch in public) Something you might want to consider; since the hair acts as kind of a 'dry lubricant' during sex, things may not be so comfortable without it. Personally, I wouldn't like to be called 'baldy'. Oh well, there you are. If your lady wants to go ahead, using petroleum jelly or hair conditioner after bathing might help the growing-in-itches slightly . . . if she shaves hers, are you going to shave yours?

Q: Whenever my wife and I make love, it hurts her. We've tried more foreplay and more lubrication, and a lot of gentleness, but nothing has helped — can you? — S.Z. (Aberdeen).

A: I have a suspicion, sweets, but get her to a gynaecologist (or at least her GP) for the word. She might have vaginismus, which means she's involuntarily tightening up because of fear of pain (which she's already getting, so it's a vicious circle) or fear or other matters on her mind. Talk it out, and get some help — if it is that, don't worry — it's quite curable.

Problem? Reasonable questions answered. If unreasonable, they'll either get trashed or passed around for a smirk or a laugh in the office! Write to: What's Your Problem? Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

DOCTOR SIDNEY BLUE'S GUIDE TO SEX DOWN UNDER

Modesty is not DR SIDNEY BLUE's middle name. All we did was ask him what the nookie scene was like in the antipodes. Our asinine Aussie retired to his typewriter and a few days later this appeared in our postbag . . .

No three ways about it, we Aussies are a breed apart," my old uncle Vince was fond of saying before he popped his thong and headed off to that Great Betting Shop in the Sky. And you know, he was dead right (even *before* he died); we *are* a breed apart. In fact, we're flaming unique. I've knocked about this old planet of ours a fair bit and I can honestly say that we Aussies are out on our own, breed-wise.

What makes us so special? Well, I reckon it may have a lot to do with our outdoor way of life. We do practically everything outdoors from eating to shitting, and that goes for sex as well. I reckon more rooting goes on out under the stars, the sun or whatever, then ever goes on between the rayon and polyester nylon sheets of the average Australian bed. One reason is that it can get bloody hot between those sheets. When the temperature in your fridge is over a hundred degrees, wrestling with another hot body in a pool of sticky, pongy sweat can actually turn you off the whole idea of having a root, so it's not surprising that the great outdoors looks a more attractive bet to your average pair of Aussie lovers.

The trouble with Australia's great outdoors is that it's bloody dangerous. Our flora and fauna, while colourful and downright unique, is also, for the most part, fucking lethal. A filly who takes her young bloke into the long grass for a quickie in, say, my home state of West Aussie, is likely to have a close encounter, serpent-wise, with more than just his one-eyed trouser snake. Her post-coital depression won't be

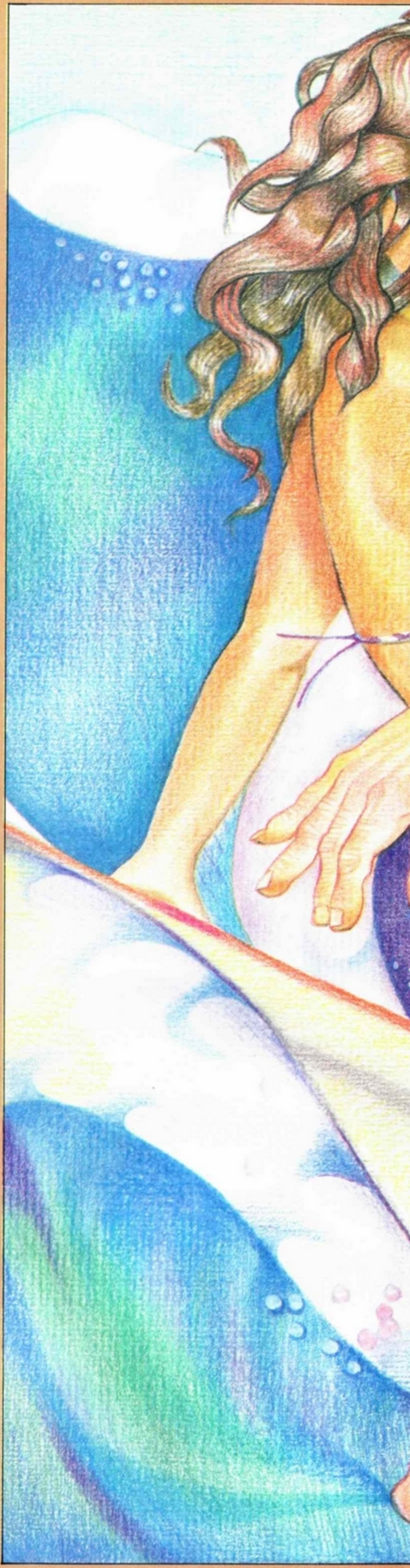


ILLUSTRATION BY PENNY OLYMBIOS

DR SIDNEY BLUE'S GUIDE TO SEX DOWN UNDER

Continued from previous page

helped by the fact that she'll be hooked up to a kidney machine while the quacks try and pump her full of anti-snake bite serum.

Actually, what with the wide assortment of venomous snakes, spikers, centipedes, ticks, ants, wombats and wasps, not to mention mozzies so big they can suck every drop of blood out of your body before you even have time to press the plunger on your can of DDT, rooting in our Great Outdoors takes balls (and make sure *those* particular items are well soaked in insect repellent before you get down to any serious pussy prodding).

And I reckon it's because of this adventurous approach to rooting that we Aussies are such a tough and hardy breed. So as a favour to you poor Poms and other lesser races I'm going to recount some of my more exciting sexual encounters in unusual, and often bloody dangerous, places in the hope of inspiring you bunch of weedy wimps to take your sex lives out of the safety of your beds and into the Great Unknown where they belong.

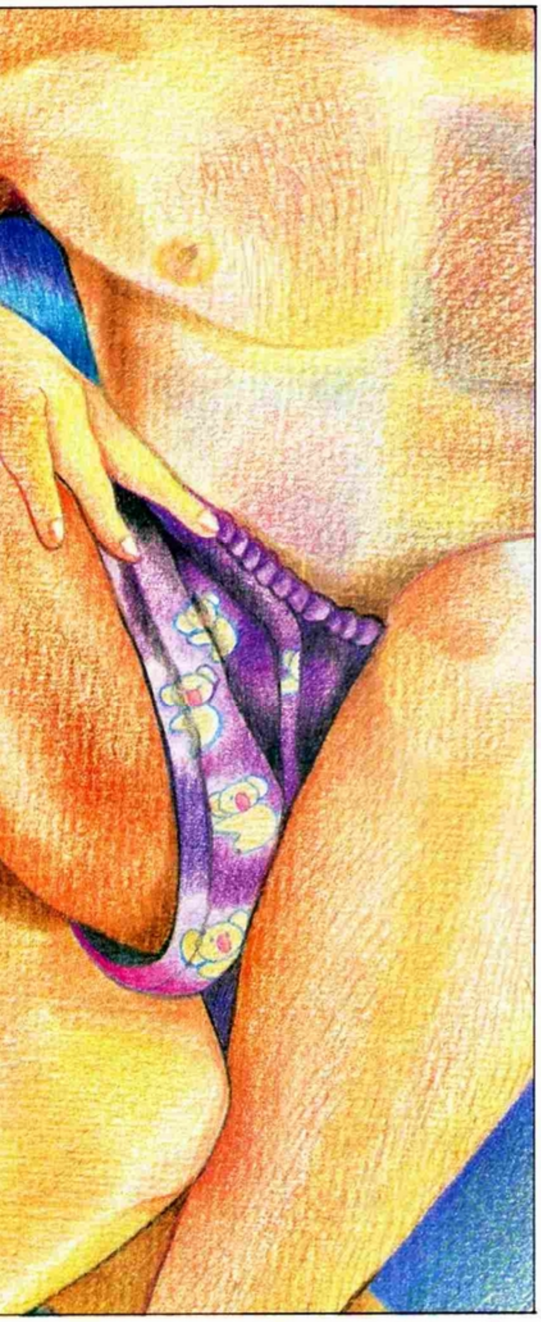
A popular spot for an outside root is that indispensable item on every Aussie's roof-rack — the surfboard. At beaches, every day, plucky young couples are rooting themselves senseless on their surfboards while at the same time trying to avoid being smashed into a reef by some ten foot tall dumper. Needless to say, it takes a fair amount of skill from both parties to pull this manoeuvre off successfully, but stone me if the practice isn't a hell of a lot of fun. And I tell you nothing beats having an orgasm when you're perched on top of a perfect big roller and travelling towards the beach at eighty miles an hour. After an experience like that, rooting under your duvet will definitely lack something from then on, believe me!

"I should have guessed she was a pussy licker from all those muscles."

But there can be drawbacks, and to illustrate what I mean I shall recount a little story of what happened to me once. It was quite a few years ago at Scarborough Beach in West Aussie (those early pom settlers had the imaginations of dead wombats when it came to dishing out names). I'd just met this sheila called Raylene and she was a real beaut. She had legs that went on forever and then a little further, and fun bags that had obviously never heard of that pommie Newton and his Theory of Gravity. So naturally I suggested we take a little ride together on my new carbon fibre and teflon surfboard and the way she nodded and licked the end of her nose with a tongue that was as long as a queue of pommie would-be immigrants outside Australia House I knew I was soon going to be bollock-deep in her golden grotto, no worries!

So I took her out on my board past the breakers and then, because she was a bit shy, I kept on paddling until we'd reached a point where no one on the beach would be able to see what we were up to. I tell you I almost creamed my polyester and synthetic nylon water resistant jock strap on the spot when she undid her bikini bottom and lay back with her legs gripping the sides of my board. She'd shaved off her map of Tasmania and I could see all the way up the pathway to enlightenment. Needless to say, I was up it faster than a pom cashing his dole cheque, no worries!

Now as you might have already figured out, the art of rooting a sheila on the back



of a surfboard rests upon being able to go the whole distance without tipping the bloody board over. Coming is no fun when you're upside-down in the Indian Ocean so the aim is to keep your balance as you root away, with the pair of you using every available appendage to steady the board in the water. So there we were, going at it like a couple of heat-crazed dingoes — with her screaming out the names of her favourite pop stars every time I drove my five pounder into living room; and me trying to remember the top scores of my footy team in order not to shoot the possum off too soon — when bugger me if the shark alarm doesn't start up on the beach!

Let me tell you that nothing concentrates the mind better than to suddenly realize that you are sitting on a scrap of board about half a mile from shore and a bloody great shark is on his way to flash his wall-to-wall dentures at you. After a long moment when Raylene and I stared at each other looking as stunned as two pom workers on a Monday morning, she suddenly let out a scream and tried to sit up. "Stay where you are, you stupid galah!" I told her authoritatively. "Use your arms and legs, it's our only chance!"

So with her on her back and me on top of her and both of us kicking and paddling like crazy we headed back towards the beach. And bloody hell, that was a *long* journey with me expecting at any moment to become a candidate for a complete range of artificial limbs.

By the time we reached the breakers, Raylene had gone a bit hysterical, as sheilas tend to do in such circumstances. And when we hit the beach and she saw the big crowd of onlookers all laughing and cheering she went even further out of her tree and tried to bury herself in the sand. It was then that I copped the life guard up in his watch tower. He was laughing so hard he was in danger of falling off his perch and when I saw the large pair of binoculars he was holding I realized he'd spotted Raylene and me on the job out there and decided to sound the shark alarm for a bit of fun.

"We do practically everything outdoors from eating to shitting, and that goes for sex as well."

Well, I was up that ladder faster than a pom worker going through a factory exit gate, with the aim of giving that drongo's dentist the challenge of his career but, of course, one blow on his whistle brought his mates on the scene and even I can't handle six muscle-bound thickos, so I spent the next week in traction (far be it from me to bad-mouth any of my fellow Australians but I'm afraid I've got to come clean and reveal that our famous life-guards are practically all mattress munchers to a man. I reckon it's because they spend so much time flexing their muscles in front of mirrors that they end up admiring their mates' bodies as much as their own. It's only a short hop and a jump from rubbing baby oil on each other's pectorals to full-scale turd burgling, and I speak as a man of science).

There's a sad, but kind of interesting, little post-script to the above story. It involves Raylene; unfortunately, the poor lass never really recovered from her experience and I heard later that whenever she subsequently went to bed with a bloke, he'd only get halfway through the root when she'd suddenly scream "Shark!", shove him away and then dive under the bed where she'd remain for the rest of the night. I can see how that might screw up your sex life no end.

But probably one of the strangest places I've ever had a root is, believe it or not, up a flaming gum tree. It's true! And, wouldn't you know, it was all the fault of a crazy *pom*. Her name was Doctor Fiona Oates and she was some kind of posh zoologist from one of those big pom unis like Oxford or Bognor. She'd come out to Oz to study Koala Bears in their natural habitat (i.e. up gum trees). At that time I was living in the Bush due to a misunderstanding with a young filly's Dad in Perth (you could have knocked me over with a brick shithouse when I found out she was only 14!), so when this ravishing looking Dr Oates turned up out of the blue looking for a guide to take her into Koala territory I took the job like a shot.

She was knocking thirty, but for a pom she rated pretty highly in the jean creaming stakes, if you get my meaning. She used to wear these incredibly short shorts and many was the happy hour I spent watching from below as she made her way up a gum tree towards some poor unsuspecting Koala. Trouble was she wouldn't put out the pussy pie for me, no matter how much I turned on the natural Aussie charm. There we were, all on our own deep in Koala territory with nothing to do at night but count mozzie bites and she was acting like a nun in Antarctica.

Then, one day towards the end of the expedition she caught me by surprise by saying would I do her a favour and have sex with her. No worries! I cried and was biting the buttons off her khaki shirt faster than a pom opening a crisp packet when she gave a squawk, pushed me away and told me we had to climb up a gum tree first. I thought she was making one of those typically unfunny things that pass for a pommie joke but bugger me if she wasn't dead serious. She explained that it was important for her work to find out at first hand the difficulties the Koalas experienced when they made love while clinging to the side of a gum tree twenty or thirty feet above the ground.

Well, as I'd always said I'd go anywhere for a root, I had no choice but to put my donger when my mouth was, if you'll excuse the French. Up we went, she ahead of me and even though she'd already dropped her strides to make things easier I was too busy shitting bricks to enjoy the view (I've never been a great one for tree climbing).

Finally, she said we were up high enough which suited me fine because when I looked down all I could see were bloody clouds. And that's when things got really difficult because I had to climb up over her until I was in a position to slip her the old walloper doggy fashion (or in this case, Koala-bear fashion). I've got to admit that it was not easy paying attention to the job in hand. Rooting the juicy Doctor Oates that way in any other locale and I would have been my normal mind-blowing self, but I reckon any bloke trying to screw a sheila while clinging to the side of a gum tree is going to find that his performance is not up to par.

Even so, as time went by, I started to get

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DR SIDNEY BLUE'S GUIDE TO SEX DOWN UNDER

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into the swing of things. And pretty soon I'd stopped thinking about the altitude and was concentrating on driving the old banger in and out of its favourite garage. And from the sounds Doctor Oates was beginning to make it was plain that her interest in the proceedings was no longer strictly scientific.

I'd say that we'd both entered the home stretch at the same time. Then she screamed "Super!" and I yelled "Strewth!" as we both came at once. Then we went.

Straight down.

Bugger me, if we hadn't both let go of the bloody tree trunk! Next thing I know I'm falling through the branches and then, a couple of hours later it seemed, I hit the ground. "I'm still alive!" I said to myself just before Doctor Oates landed on top of me and everything went black.

When I got out of the quack factory four months later I found she'd shot off back to pommie land. Needless to say she didn't suffer as much as a bruise, having me to land on the way she did. And to top it off she ended up winning a flaming Nobel prize for her work on Koalas! With my vital assistance she discovered why the things have such a low birth rate. Seems, as we proved, that every time the poor buggers try and have a root they fall out of their bloody trees!

As a result, the Doctor Fiona Oates Trust for the Assistance of Koala Copulation was formed (it trains people to climb up gum trees and help hold the Koalas when they root) and she became famous throughout the world while all I got was diddlysquit and a medical bill as long as a pommie dole queue.

But later I did hit the record books for what is now widely regarded as the most spectacular root of all time, bar none. It all began when I got a phone call from this sheila called Pat. She was a sky-diver who spent most of her time doing incredible things in free fall in order to get ito *The Roo Book of Records* (it's the Ozzie equivalent of the poms' *Guinness Book of Records*; it's published by Roo Breweries, the makers of Roo Lager which I understand is becoming pretty popular in pommie land these days — you've probably seen the ad for it: "Roo Lager — the beer with plenty of hops."). Anyway, Pat had done practically everything it was possible to do in free fall, from knitting an entire cardigan to playing a grand piano, and now she wanted to try the only thing that was left — the world's first fuck in free fall. And, naturally, she had called Australia's top sexual expert to help her in this unique event — me.

I met Pat — who was a fairly good looking sheila though, like many Ozzie lassies, she was a bit over-endowed in the muscle department — who explained to me what the stunt would entail. To start with we'd be making the jump in the nuddy, and we'd be both wearing specially designed parachute harnesses (give it a bit of thought and you'd realize that trying to root in conventional parachute rigs would be bloody difficult if not impossible — are you with me?) And we'd also be accompanied by a *Roo Book of Records* photographer who would provide the visual proof that, if you'll excuse my French, penetration had been achieved.

And then she dropped a minor bombshell on me. She told me that she was making the ultimate sacrifice to get this record because, bloody hell, she was *gay*. Well, I should have guessed she was a pussy licker from all those muscles but I've got to admit I was caught on the hop by this disclosure. I'm as open minded as they come but, to be honest, the idea of lesbianism has always left a nasty taste in my mouth. I was tempted to call the whole thing off but finally decided what the hell — my donger wouldn't be able to tell the difference between a lezzie's pussy and a normal one. Besides, my mum had already told all the relatives I was going to be in *The Roo Book of Records* and I couldn't let her down.

So the great day arrived and up we went, Pat, me and the Roo photographer. I've got to admit I felt a bit of a raw prawn sitting in the plane bollock naked, though on the plus side Pat had a nice pair of fun bags for a lezzie. The photographer, whose name was Barry, wanted to shoot some pics of her before the jump for his private collection but Pat told him that if he tried to she would shove his Canon so far up his freckle thatthe flash attachment would come out of his nose, so he didn't.

It was around this point in the proceedings that I noticed I had a problem — it might have been because of the altitude or maybe because Barry kept staring at it but whatever the reason my donger was as limp as a poofter's wrist. Pat noticed this too and said I'd better do something about it quick smart because when we jumped out of the plane we'd be travelling at about 80 m.p.h. and we wouldn't have any time to hang around waiting for me to get it up.

I told her straight that the only quick, surefire method of getting my prong to sprong in these circumstances would be a quick blow job. *No way*, she said and made a face like a pom getting into a bath. She looked hopefully at Barry who told her pretty sharpish that he was no shirtlifter. And as the pilot was too busy flying the plane to help, even if he was that way inclined, Pat had no choice but to bite the bullet herself, metaphorically speaking, thank goodness. She shut her eyes and went to work on my prod with as much enthusiasm as a pom asked to do an honest day's work. Strangely enough, I found it a real turn-on and before long my rod had extended to its usual ten inch glory.

Then came the jump. Pat and I went together, followed by Barry. It was a tricky business trying to maintain equal speed while at the same time trying to manoeuvre into a pussy prodding position. Our first attempt didn't work and we ended up in a sixty nine. As I contemplated her map of Tasmania, which was less than an inch from my nose, I mused on the fact that I could become the world's first sky-diving muff-diver, but I knew that we didn't have the time for such digressions.

We tried again and, eureka, penetration was achieved. I gave the thumbs up to Barry which was his signal to move in close for some snaps. As he was taking them I took a butchers at Pat and was puzzled to see that she was cross-eyed and grinning like a pom with a sick note. Barry signalled he was finished and he pulled his rip-cord. Soon as his canopy opened he seemed to shoot upwards which gave me an idea for the first time just how fast we were travelling.

I started to withdraw from Pat but to my total suprise she grabbed me tighter and yelled in my ear, "Don't stop, please!"

Now normally when I've got my donger deep in some sheila's passion pit wild horses couldn't drag me away, but when you're hurtling towards the ground at 80 m.p.h. it puts a completely different light on the matter. And when I looked past her shoulder and saw that the ground was getting bloody close indeed I screamed, "Let go of me, you raving dyke galah!"

But she continued to cling onto me yelling "More! More!" So finally I had no choice but to pull my ripcord. Now I've made some speedy withdrawals in my time, usually when some boyfriend or husband has returned unexpectedly, but this one was the speediest of all and I've still got the friction marks to prove it.

"I was concentrating on driving the old banger in and out of its favourite garage."

My last memory of her was that great big grin plastered all over her face as she dropped away below me faster than a lead turd.

Not long afterwards I saw the puff of dust as she hit the ground.

Looking back, I guess what happened was due to the fact that she was one of those lezzies who's a lezzie only because they've never had it with a real man like yours truly. The experience of getting my five pounder where it counted must have opened her eyes to what she was missing in life, even if it did, at the same time, blind her to the fact that the root was taking place in what the yanks call a 'life-threatening situation'.

But what the hell, she died happy and that's what counts!

And I hope I've inspired you, via the above accounts, to put some good, old-fashioned Australian spunk into your sex lives. Who knows, play your cards right and you too could end up in *The Roo Book of Records* alongside yours truly.

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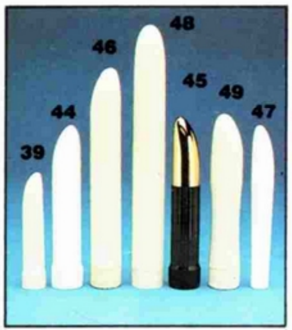

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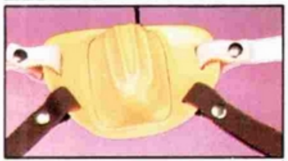

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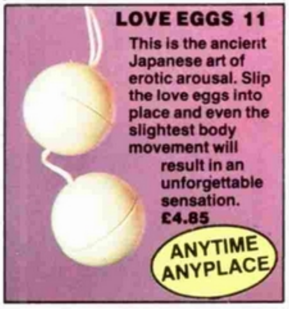

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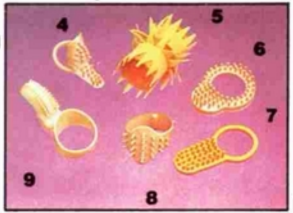

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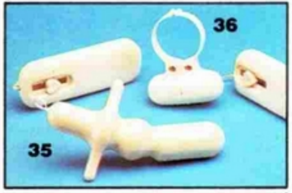

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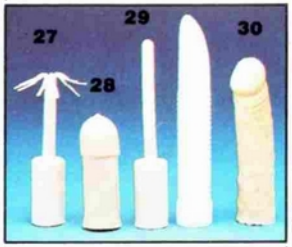

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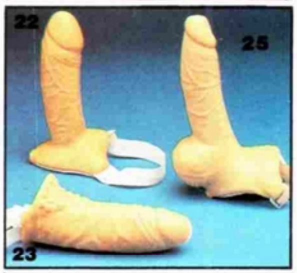

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21
20
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